



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07583786 8

STUDIES 
 IN VERSE

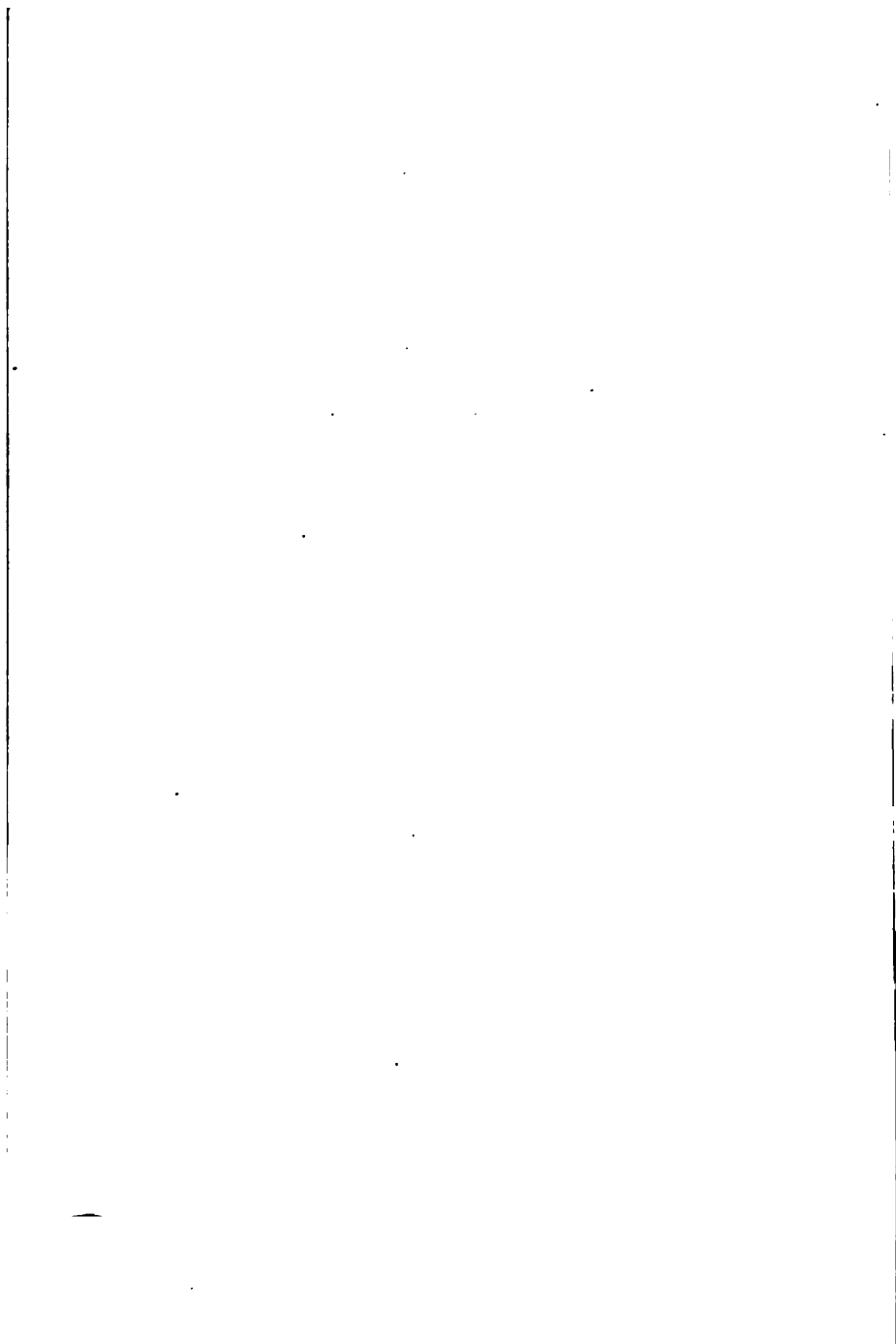


★ Publishers Weekly

May 31 06

(Sund.)

112



STUDIES IN VERSE

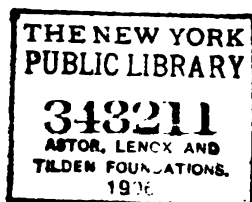
not incl.

STUDIES IN VERSE



THE GRAFTON PRESS
PUBLISHERS **NEW YORK**

8.



COPYRIGHT, 1905
BY
THE GRIFTON PRESS

“ Love me and wish me well ”—*Pauline*

O I do love Thee! Thou hast done me good!
The chafing discords of my soul's unrest;
The lonely suffering of my youthful breast;
The budding Mind-flower, half understood,
And ignorance where to prune:—ah! when I would
Of noble song or pure endeavor, came
Ever a Less, whose memory is my shame!
But now I love Thee, Thou hast done me good!

The soul is quieted; the discords melt
To satisfying harmony; unfelt
The empty longing, Thou art grown my friend:
The flower blossoms and the fruit appears;
More lofty effort calls for purer tears;
To Thee my gratitude—who knows the end?

Contents

	PAGE
AL KADR	1
THE QUESTIONER	13
BONE AND GLASS	16
SYMPATHY	27
THE DISCIPLES OF EPICURUS	30
WRAGG IS IN CUSTODY	32
ON THE BEACH	35
KATE OR CATHERINE	39
IN SEARCH OF A WORD	42
SECOND RHAPSODY	44
TWELFTH RHAPSODY	45
PHILHARMONIC	46
TO DIE—TO SLEEP	49
CHARASANG	51
CREMATION	54
LETHE	55
DE MORTUIS	57
MADONNA DI SAN SISTO	59
TO MARK HOPKINS	60
TOGO HEIHACHIRO	61
A NATIONAL HYMN	62

Contents

	PAGE
INDIAN LOVE SONG	64
AT THE CAVE'S MOUTH	65
THE QUAIL'S NOTE	66
THE CONFIDANT	68
THE BURGLARY IN THE CHURCH	73
GERONIMO	87
SYMBOLS	147
SONG—WEARY AND SPENT	148
AT FIRST SIGHT	149
LOVE AT DAWN	150
DENIAL	151
WAVE MESSAGES	153
SONG—HERE BY THE BROOK	154
MEETING IN AFTER YEARS	156
SONG—THROUGH THE NIGHT	157
AGED COMPANIONS	158
A SONG OF RUNNING WATERS	160
MAN LOVE	163
WOMAN LOVE	167
ENGAGED	170
WEDDING EVE	171
MARRIED	172
FRIENDSHIP	173
ENVOY	174

STUDIES IN VERSE

STUDIES IN VERSE

Al Kadr

I HOLD in my power, with mystical sway, in the hour of the
night's decline,
A Soul, that has grown through our life's long span more
closely united with mine,
To echo and vibrate with every strong pulse of my life
toward the life divine.

A glance of the steadfast eye, and a wave of the loving and
governing hand—
She sleeps; and her powers of thought are free as never
before, to expand
And gather a Wisdom unearthly and pure, to repeat at my
will's command.

She lies in a wonderful trance of peace, with a smile on
her well-loved face;
A Woman indeed, and of life as pure as her present un-
conscious grace,
And I listen intent while her murmurings sweet our hither-
ward journey trace.

Like gods we appear, in the world's young prime,
And the thrill of creative life in our veins,

Al Kadr

Mine and thine, keeps a wonderful undulant rhyme
With the worlds which sweep by us in limitless trains.
They are part of us, swinging there through the abyss
Of the infinite dark and the infinite cold;
We and they, thoughts of God, and rejoicing that His
Is the word they obey as their beauties unfold.
From afar a white vision of outlying spheres
Or a more distant nebula gleams on our sight,
And we love them, each one, as its glory appears,
In a brotherhood keen with exultant delight.
For we stand at that point of the Presence Divine
Whence the rays of love branch to the circle of stars,
To blend with their answering multifold shine
That pierces the ether with radiant bars.
We are Souls, knowing unity, mystic and pure,
Though not yet do we know all that union shall be
Till we pass through experience of Earth, and endure—
So learning through Sorrow the love mystery.
To the Earth there before us, that least of the spheres,
Where the evil man makes shall hold sway for a time,
That his soul's clearest vision be dimmed by his tears
And the sin-fires his loftiest longings sublime—
To the Earth we can follow our separate way
To be born Man and Woman; the barrier of Flesh
Thrust strongly between us, and all the array
Of union and sympathy, where we enmesh
Our palpitant self, for the time torn aside;
Unsatisfied longings crying out in their stead

Al Kadr

Across the dividing space, pathless and wide,
That shuts up each soul in a loneliness dread.
But yet there remain for our mutual cheer
Dim memory of union that once we had known,
Premonitions of union regained; growing clear
As the soul shall grow fit to return to its own.
To the struggle addressed of the life incomplete
Toward the source of all life; to the struggle with sin,
With self, and with ignorance, every defeat
Conferring new power to rise and begin
More wisely the conflict from darkness to light—
Thus, newly created, thou art and I am.

A pause, and I open the casement to see
The red fingers of dawn reaching up to fold back
The starry night canopy, flooding the black
Of the East with the splendor of day's empery.
I will—and again the pure cadences flow
In a silvery melody, loving and low.

Not yet attached to any special star;
Foreknowing, through the darkness of this life
The beauty of life possible at last,
As one can track a beam of steady light
Athwart the gloom that all but shuts it in,
We stand and gather strength to meet our task
And comfort for our new humanity.
Foreknowing that our struggle to perfect

Al Kadr

God's image through mortality, through sin,
Through incompleteness, ignorance and self,
Would be the reason for the very bonds
Against whose pressure human souls rebel.
That greatest question, fraught with wild despair—
Unless its answer is the proud soul bowed,
Learning to take its horror as the means
And best condition for its mastery—
The question of the evil in the world:
That, too, we partly grasp, as we perceive
That man himself makes evil for himself!
That each may learn the beauty of holiness,
May teach it to himself; for so alone
Does Wisdom find a home in the heart of man.
For even must the peerless Son of God
Descend to be the Son of Man to meet
And conquer Evil! Not to learn its blight,
But to display it to his followers.
In heaven he never could have vanquished sin;
And we on earth had never learned the way;
But on the level of Man the Absolute God
Could be the Man of Sorrows, able thus
To reconcile the partial and the All:
Tearing aside the barriers, as the veil
Which long had hid the things of God from eyes
Too blind to see, hearts dull to understand,
But in that cry "'tis finished," from the top
Was rent to the bottom; that at last

Al Kadr

The human soul might stand, all unabashed,
Pleading the merits of Emmanuel,
Even in the presence of God's majesty.
God's love within him pleading with God's power,
A perfect Oneness given at last between
The infinite Justice and the infinite Love!

So we through separate incarnations waited long
For the Epiphany; which has been given,
And thus we know our task has reached its end.
We pass from life which is almost a sleep
To wake indeed within the very Life;
The soul, with infinite longings through this world,
With infinite power of being satisfied,
At rest forever when His face is seen!

And now the power is in us to review
The way we've come before we pierce the clouds,
And from this mountain top to cast a glance
O'er all the hills and valleys we have passed.
We see that incompleteness is bestowed
As the condition of our best advance;
That man's self-consciousness is given
Just that he may be restless and go forth
To find a possible Complete; and thus
Our very weakness is a source of strength
If it but drive us toward All-Power; and truth
We learn through ignorance only; Self, the fiend,

Al Kadr

And his twin brother Sin, who scar the face
Of every pilgrim toward the life beyond,
Set us the fearful lessons in their school
By which we first learn purity and love—
And thus is Death itself but the deep shade
Cast by the distant, piercing brightness, Life!

We stood, foreknowing this, at the mid-point
Of all the stars, and watched them circling round
Upon one level glory, that there came
No conflict in their grandly sweeping paths:
The entire marvel poised amid the abyss
And turning to include its every plane.
When that is finished, shall it be the end?
So thickly set they were, no gaze could pierce
To the Beyond, where other glories wait;
We were shut up to this great Self-expression
Of Him whose word creates and holds it all.

This world, the place of Force and joyous Fire,
We hovered near; it did not then seem long
For we knew nothing yet of Time and Space;
And watched the unfolding preparation made
To fit the glowing orb for the home of man.
We saw the tumult stilled, and mighty calm
Held sway throughout the ages of its rest.
The dawn of life was near—the hour had come!

Al Kadr

We entered each a separate low form
And, through the uncounted length of ages, strove,
Unconscious, on a myriad upward planes.
And struggled on, apart; until we stood
At last, as Man and Woman, face to face.
And every thousand years we led a life
More free from blind and groping selfishness.
Through many a bitter retrograde relearned
The lessons of the past, and added more
To stores of knowledge, slowly gathering.
Fashioned us bodies from the earth, and all
It bore to nourish us, each time more fair.
Our minds sprang into life when first our eyes
Were clear enough to see that life is Plan
And Order, interfused with absolute Law.
Ah! We were terrified, and cursed the day,
And in our blindness broke each law we learned,
Chafed by our pride and driven by our fear.
To find a something that we might appease
We sought through Nature and its varied forms,
And saw a god in every guise it wears.
And yet in each, frightened, amazed or cheered
By any one, we felt it was not All.
Then as our minds could take a wider sweep
We sought one mighty purpose, one great end
Throughout the manifold message to our hearts;
For storm and conflict spoke not otherwise
Than did the beauty of its quiet moods,

Al Kadr

Could we but find the riddle's one great key.
Untiringly we sought a great First Cause,
And gave it many names, though none sufficed,
And tried to learn that man must first submit
Before he can control, Nature or Self.
But Nature baffled all our weak attempts;
Like pitiless tyrant, joying in our pain
Or too insensate even to hear our cries.
Across this life the mighty army moved
Of men and women, each the sport of Fate,
Plodding a weary one-day's pilgrimage
That held not joys enough for half its woe.
This stern Necessity we made our god,
And worshiped it with bloody sacrifice;
But when we found that though we held no life
Too dear to offer in our selfishness,
And stood, all dumb with terror and despair
Before that cruel, blank, impersonal Fate,
There came no answering word from out the void—
Hiding our misery 'neath a mocking smile,
Prayer turned to bitter cursing, and we longed for death.
And in that depth of blind world-weariness,
Burdened, tormented, by our nothingness,
There came a voice from heaven, saying "I am God."
Ah! how we tried to understand him then!
What years and years before we made our own
Life's greatest lesson till then, that God is Power!

Al Kadr

We came to study self, and dimly saw
That man, by glad necessity, must have
The power of choosing wrong, if so he will,
That he may learn, by suffering, that the wrong
Is ever a foolish choice, and wisdom lies
In choosing right, whate'er the moment's cost,
If ever man shall rise to loftier planes
Of doing right because he loves that more.
And so for countless ages—for with Him
Time is not—God is willing to wait, until
The only place where he is not supreme
In all his universe—man's erring heart—
Shall be given back to him, by man's own choice!
And thus the wisest thing the all-wise God
Ordained, was this inexorable law, that sin
Should bring forth woe to man, and nothing else;
That sinning, man should learn that sin is Death!

Oh God! and is there then no possible hope?
Can nothing satisfy the broken law,
And reconcile offended majesty?
In the fullness of time—with God a thousand years
Are as a watch in the night—a woman bore
The Word-Made-Flesh, The Mighty God, The Son
Of Man, The Prince of Peace, Emmanuel!
He touched the eyes of the blind and made them see;
He broke the prisoner's chain; He bore our griefs,
Carried our sorrows and was bruised for us,

Al Kadr

For our transgression and iniquity;
Bearing our sins upon the fearful cross
In his own body—the stainless Son of God!
And now, at last, might we begin to learn
Life's greatest lesson of all, that God is Love;
Unsearchable love, that casts out every fear,
As God, revealed in Christ, is multiplied
In all the empty, longing souls of men,
Once, wholly, and to all eternity!

And having died to conquer death for us
Christ rose again, and lives that we may live
In Him, who is the Life, the Truth, the Way.
The whole wide world and every soul are his;
Not yet, but each new day sees wider flashed
The glad evangel, every setting sun
A soul new born. And man has learned new words,
Salvation, Brother, Sympathy, and more
That sing their music's comfort into ears
Shut tight against man's own low cries of pain:
He lifts his head, eternal Hope is his,
Slow dawning into many a midnight mind.
And through the marching millions comes a stir
Of new, unquenchable life. Yea! every heart
Shall yet be given to Him; his well-loved Name
On every lip shall be a song of joy,
A shout of triumph, and the sweetest word
Humanity can frame for gratitude.

Al Kadr

See, now, how clear and high shines out for man
His one great duty, truest liberty,
And fadeless joy; which every day of all
The thousands he has passed upon the earth;
All Nature, questioned long in vain; each thought,
Each hope and yearning which his life contains;
Repeats—one glorious word, including all
That God has taught him in his pilgrimage—
Not till he learns it may he leave this scene
To learn yet more of God on other stars—
That sum of God-given wisdom; that by which
He most can grow in likeness to his Lord;
For which, that he should learn it, all this world
Of pain, despair, contention, woe, and death,
Is worth his passing through, yea, many times—
That duty, joy, and freedom—is Unself!
When he has learned it, man at last is fit
Through Christ, the Great Unself, to live with God.

Patience, Humility, Unself, Love, Rest!

In splendor and majesty, clear on her sight dawns the glory
of life divine,
As the sunlight discovers the manifold charm of the newly
roused world to mine;
Ah! soon shall I follow, once more with her soul, as never
before, to entwine!

Al Kadr

Through ages unnumbered, through joys unconceived, to-
gether we two shall expand
In power and beauty, in wisdom and love; by our Father's
omnipotent hand
So guided and blest that obedience shall be as complete
as his perfect command.

No sin evermore shall have power in our souls, washed per-
fectly free from its trace;
No stain of Earth's grief shall I evermore see as I gaze on
her sanctified face;
For God, the Triune, makes us free, evermore, in the wealth
of his infinite grace!

The Questioner

AN Aged One there lives, apart
From men, within a cavern's heart,
Who knows all wisest lore and art.
An eager host his cave surround
And of them, one I hear proclaim—

“ Now listen while I prophesy !
A single cell shall multiply
To thousands, by the single tie
Of common birth held fast, and bound
To unity of kind or aim :

“ A single thought I have shall grow
By steady stages, strong if slow,
Until the child shall say ‘ I know ’—
Of heaven's height, and deep profound,
And all the soul names with a name.

“ O Wise One, thou who teachest men
Of things which come within their ken
By scattered flashes, tell me then
Which is the child, and thou hast found
True wisdom, and displayed the same ! ”

The Questioner

Calmly the Teacher openeth
His firm old lips, and draweth breath
As slow as one approaching Death
At eventide; and earnest sound
The solemn words that wild hearts tame:—

“ Ah proud, where should be humble youth!
Ah cruel, and thou shouldst have ruth!
Ah blind, who seest half a truth!
Wouldst thou with Wisdom's wreath be crowned
As they who Selfhood overcame?

“ With sleepless care and constancy
So train thy thought-child faithfully,
Symmetrical, and thou shalt see
(If that thou never shalt astound
Its purity with cause for shame),

“ Thy thought and child expand apace
In broadening power and richer grace
Till thou no difference canst trace;
For they are One, despite all bound
Which may their infancy enframe.

“ Hast then thine answer? Lo, my friend,
Vain questionings should fade or blend
In daily duty; leave the end
To Whom the credit shall redound—
So shall thy life be free of blame.”

The Questioner

The learner bowed his humbled head,
For shame had tinged his cheek with red
For his presumptuous hardihead.

And slow his homeward way he wound
With clearer vision than he came.

And thinking of the Teacher's word,
What wonder if his ardor stirred
To nobler living, that men heard
Thereafter of a name renowned
As his who sought a wise man's fame?

Bone and Glass

ALONG a quiet country lane
Where columned elms their branches interlace
In shadowy etchings on the Summer grass,
There plods a gray-haired pilgrim, bent with years.
His face is grave and kindly, full of thought
And memories of the bygone college days
Passed in the village whither now his steps
Are tending. Chief among the friends
Who shared those days is one whose boyish hope
Was keen and brilliant, like his own; for each
Had sought to find a training for his life
In those gray halls, and both had found instead
Crude methods, teachers out of touch
With what they taught, as well with those who learned.
Save one, whose name was powerful then
To bring and hold the learner, and whose fame
Still shone the brightest in its history,
The college masters taught as 'twere a task;
Incompetent to give the high ideals
Which captivate the young heart, fill its lack,
And stimulate desire to be great
For truth and greatness sake alone.
His friend and he, then, finished there—so runs
The phrase—their education; to begin

Bone and Glass

The weary task of educating self
When on the class room each had turned the back
To wander forth alone through paths diverse,
To the actual world of men. Lessons a few
Had they been taught; but of the truth of things,
Whereby the veriest bud can insight give
Into the whole of God's creation—that
None had been present to impart. So comes
The old Alumnus slowly back again
To see if, haply, in the lapse of years,
Some better few had filled professors' chairs
Left empty by the bunglers of those days.
The village reached, he hears the bell ring out
The well-known call to class; and with the crowd
Of youth, who gaze in some surprise
To see him join them, enters at the door
Of a new lecture hall, and finds the room
Where soon begins a lesson on the laws
Of health, with specimens and human bones.
The lecturer, a man of ready speech,
And what is called good training in his theme,
Shows first the bones which form a human arm,
Coming in time to treat the skeleton:—
A dry enumeration of the bones,
Their names, their movements; in an hour
As much as might have served for many weeks.
And this huge mass of unenlightened facts
The students are expected to absorb,

Bone and Glass

Hold fast in memory, and repeat with ease
(And lamentable ignorance) when required.
But of the deeper lessons, without which
The hour were as profitless to soul
As stumbling through a desert strewn with wrecks
Of former wanderers, the teacher gives
No sign that he possessed it; few of those
Who listened, wondering, showed by ev'n a look
How they had missed a Something, powerful
To transform even bones to beauteousness.
The hour past, again the bell clangs out
Its rasping summons to new exercise
Of mental gorging of what starves the mind.
In physics now the lesson shall begin—
A prism is shown, to which a slender ray
Is brought through darkness, and impinging there
And passing through, upon the distant screen
Is showered lavishly in rainbow splendor.
A second prism then is interposed,
And scattering rays are caught and recombined,
Till on the screen appears a glowing dot,
Just measure of the shutter's pin-hole round.
Between the prisms you gain at any point
That medley of the spectrum, like a chord
Of strings and wind, where bass and melody
Lie at extremes of perfect symphony,
The whole a beauteous thing because the notes
Blend, and can spare no least chromatic interval.

Bone and Glass

A few more minutes pass while facts,
As such, and not related, are doled out;
The bell hurrahs, and out the students rush.
The oldest boy of all, too clear recalled
To student days but little worse than this,
By witness of the crudeness of it all,
With deeper gravity of mien departs,
Expected disappointment on his puzzled face.

Though from the brow of the hill
The pages of God's Nature round about
Lie softly waiting in the Summer haze
For some true prophet to stand forth and speak:—
From the grand mountains closing in the scene
Reading the symbols in the waving grain,
Whereon sun's kisses alternate with cloud's
And the feathery plumage gently bows to each:
Wherein a countless throng of living things
In myriad voice sings out the praise of God,
In tiny trebles, bee's insistent "A,"
Crack-crack of spring-back beetle, metronome
Marking the tempo for a medley mad
Of tenuous pipings, croaks and barks and screams
Almost beyond, or quite, the human ear;
The necessary whirr of ceaseless work,
Competing, dying, being born in strife,
Of smallest nothings of intensest life.
Oh! let some prophet stand and tell to man

Bone and Glass

Some jot of all this wisdom, what it means
In features of the landscape, masses large of rock
And field, and quiet silver waterway
Stringing the landscape's emeralds with its thread—
As well as in the smallest clod of earth
The foot so idly kicks in crossing field,
Large for all that to many an organism
With power's proportion far exceeding yours,
Of which, in form and habit, food and length of life,
Yea! work accomplished for the good of you
And thousands such, you know not one small part!

Musing half sadly thus, the wanderer turns
And seeks the shelter of a neighboring inn;
There sits him down and writes his distant friend
A full account of the day's happenings.
"Ah me, my brother, well for your own peace
You could not come, as I, to view again
The place they failed to educate us at!
Two lectures have I heard, the one on bones,
The other on the prism and its power.
Think you they taught the lesson, then,
Of bone and beam? Bah! in a fashion, yes;
But their true beauty no one taught, or saw
I verily believe! For friendship's sake
Let me now supplement each mis-spent hour
By just reminding you in case of each
Of one deep lesson, one small bit of truth,

Bone and Glass

Which each contained for whoso would to see.
Take then the skeleton—they hung one up—
And let the arm bones drop to side at will,
And if the joints are copied properly
After the normal, tell me what you see.
Do not the arms roll strongly in
Toward body's middle line, the palms turned in?
What then the meaning of the attitude?
Learn from the opposite. What means the palm
Turned out, extending in strong sweep
From me to other human beings and the world?
Is it not scorn and loathing, or at least
A summons to stand back? What gesture, pray,
Explains to beggar's importunity,
People and things we hate, or at the best
Feel naught and care naught for, our purposes
Of leaving them alone, putting behind
And leaving there the dis-agreeable?
But a child, frightened, hurries to our arms
And they fold quickly round him to defend
And comfort. Palm and inner side of arm
Are warm and soft: with them we hold to breast
And cherish with caresses what we love—
The outer side ne'er enters an embrace.
Now is it fitting that there should be wrought
Deep in our body's framework just this thought
Expressive of our need of sympathy,
Our hunger for some one to hold and love

Bone and Glass

Close to the heart? Ah, when the whole Law's force
Can crystallize to such a gem as this,
'Love one another,' 'tis not hard to keep
When bone and muscle, nerve and throbbing heart
Are so compounded as to express the need
In each of just this close enfolding love!
When the Creator says 'O feeble child,
My name and nature are but Love, and thou
Art imaged after me'—shall we not look,
Nor be surprised at finding, that our very bones
Creation's unity so demonstrate?

"The prism's lesson next. O'er this dark life
The prism Birth diverges souls from God.
The one has powers and qualities as true
As doth his neighbor; each possesses, though,
A Something we call individual
Which saves his being either me, or you,
And makes him ever wholly he-himself:
Just as a needle point on spectrum field
Divides two colors anywhere 'tis placed,
Each is itself by millionth part of wave,
And where the needle is they separate.
Nay, needle point is far too coarse; we'll say
Use something finer, many hundred times,
And still it splits two different lengths of wave.
But many though the shades and tinges be
Not more are they than many kinds of men:

Bone and Glass

Each close resembling some other man,
Each having this in common with all others
That the same prism scattered all, and yet
Each different—easier to see in man than hue,
As soul perceptions are more delicate
Than retina's. Each is himself alone!
I even see a further parallel:
At either side the spectrum lies the dark.
Void, think you? Nay! No less surcharged
With force and meaning that 'tis felt, not seen.
The one brings heat, the other chemic force.
The one is hot as red or orange glow
In prism pattern; from these darker rays
Do plants and animals, and man himself,
With all the engines of man's hand,
Winds that sing hymns across the mountain peaks
Or dash the vessel 'gainst the ocean current,
Another world phenomenon of heat—
Upon these rays activities depend
Beyond my numbering. And the other lot
Supply the tints of flower and leaf,
Plumage of bird, blush of the healthy cheek,
And colors countless among growing things.
Thus, so to roughly sum it up, gives force
The one dark end, the other one adorns.
I could have drawn a parallel, I fear,
Between dark ends and crime and passion's power,
But will not. Rather let me hurry on

Bone and Glass

Having suggested what one prism taught,
Or could have taught, to give the lesson of two.
Birth, then, on Life's dark screen has cast
A multifarious group of different rays.
What now can recombine them, play the part
Of the second prism, till the pure white light
Of God is reached again? It seems me thus:
There needs a Something, powerful beyond
All mortal striving, which shall give each part
Of all this scattered, mixed, confused array
Of human souls, its due importance; bring
Colors diverse and antithetical
By wisest order to their harmonies
Again; and this I "Something" call
Must be so potent as to affect mankind
In farthest hidden fragment for all time!
What can? you cry. Why, who but God Himself?
There was the Death, in person of the Son,
Could recombine all human elements
Into God's light, the fit-for-praising-Him!

"Has then the bit of glass which splits the light,
As well as human bone, so quaintly stamped
With record of live muscle-hold and play,
Lessons 'twere well to learn; of which a part
Is indicated? Had the college then
Some wisest hand to put them side by side
And teach the highest lesson given by each,

Bone and Glass

The not to be discovered till bone and glass
Lie side by side, then were it true indeed
That here could education, haply, one complete!

“As for the rest, they keep the walks from weeds
Much as in olden time, while planting them
In brain of boys. For mark you; on the lawn
A shoot of graceful grass is valued much
And dignified by name of grass; let find
Another bunch upon the path's clear space
And, though you know it at a glance,
'Tis called a weed and hoed away apace.
From which I learn that truth misplaced becomes
Or lie or impudence, and bravery
Foolhardiness, and chasteness prudery:
And reason that a clump of excellent facts
Taken from all that they belong to, nothing less
Than God's wide Universe, of course, and sown
In some young mind not properly prepared,
Are trodden under foot or scraped away,
If truly they take root at all; or else,
Subject to force of evil influence,
Bring poison forth instead of food for soul.

“Enough! I end my letter and go hence
With sadder heart than coming. Yet indeed
Not without hope that some of all the youth
Who fail while here to gain the wisdom sought,
May, after leaving, teach it to themselves,

Bone and Glass

As you and I have had to do. Perhaps
They would not value it if taught it here,
Not valuing truth, nor yet contrasting it
With real life's error, sorrow, strife and fraud
And bitter yearning. And perhaps for each
Is needed personal experience
Of this, and else much you and I know well.
And yet, standing almost at close of life, we feel
That could we make another's, really his,
What we have learned in traveling thus far,
Perhaps his feet held straighter course than ours,
Avoiding mire and useless wandering.
Perhaps, though, while this sympathy
Is naturally present with the old, we each
Must have our own tint polished bright in strife
With error, and no other soul can lend
Color of its own, obtained by like success.
The world seems ordered thus. Adieu, with love."

Sympathy

I REMEMBER, as a child, standing by the heaving sea,
Drearly;
Watching, wondering, as 'twould flow,
Come and go,
Grasping, gnawing, at the beach, impetuous,
Marvelous;—
Always leaving me a message as in pain,
Back again
And baffled, fled the billows ponderous
And dolorous.

Overhead in shady mass with rounded corners, soft clouds lay
White and gray,
Seeming now to float and now to stand;
While the sand
Led the eye, either side, along the beach,
In lessening reach,
To the distant junction, either side,
Of cloud and tide,
To where mingled in half-light
Day and night.

Sympathy

And the arrows of the rain gently pierced the broad sea's
breast,

In unrest
Lifting its white hands to me,
As to see
Could I tell the reason why
It and I
In our deep soul's tides must ever flow
Forth in woe
Through and o'er the world (this man's fate
First and late).

And the heavy blows of the wave crashed and craunched
along the shore

With a roar,
As to try and pass their bound;
While the ground
Shook and murmured with the strife
Of their life.
So the oceans of man's soul pound and rage
Every age,
In his vain and piteous longing all to scan
Of God and man.

Wearied in their useless struggle, fell the impatient billows
back;

And the wrack
Of huge clouds, now grown swart,
Split apart,

Sympathy

And the loving sunbeams volumed through
To subdue.

All the tear drops dangling from the stunted trees,
Ere the breeze

Dried them in the sand, in twinklings bright
Greeted the light.

I, the child, who watched it all, in a questing, wondering
wise,

With filling eyes—
The tear drops left of storm and rain
In my brain,
Called forth in childish pity, it may be,
For the sea—
With a new and sober joy went my way,
For that day
To enter into Nature and with her be one,
I had begun!

The Disciples of Epicurus

THREE travelers to Jove's high altar,
Two from the East, the other from the West,
Push ever onward, knowing naught of rest,
With many a crude emotion in the breast,
And steps that never falter.

There cometh one; almost inaudibly
He rendereth thanks for pleasure once enjoyed;
Complaineth, louder voiced, how all hath cloyed
Full many a year; crying to be destroyed
If pleasure-stript his life be.

Another, sad resentment voicing,
Declareth "Life is but a monstrous curse!
What griefs I've known my tongue can not rehearse!
If thou be God, unless than devils worse,
Give one on earth rejoicing!"

The third, his countenance afire
With earnest purpose, and a man's proud might
Of muscle swelling as the will shall write
In lurid script athwart his mind's midnight,
And tortured by desire—

The Disciples of Epicurus

Standing, he prayeth, "Jove the Highest,
The King of Wisdom, whom all venerate!
Strong am I, earnest, and insatiate;
Teach me somewhat to do of good or great
Before I hear, 'Thou diest.'"

They pause—from out the gloom that steepeth
The place in shadows, mystic, comfortless,
Cometh an echo fraught with weariness
And sickening poison for a mind's distress—
"Awake Him not—He sleepeth."

Wrath and disgust and sad soul outcries!
"Back to our own," they shout, "as best we may!
Hope is a lie, and quickly flieth day!
We too henceforth, as wise men said, shall say
Enjoy! There is naught else wise!"

“Wragg is in Custody.”

“Who is to blame?”

**Ah! not for us the question;
As taking to ourselves so great a meed
Of righteousness as would empower to judge
A suffering, sinful, outraged fellow mortal,
Ev’n though the murderess of her firstborn babe!
Ah! not for us to put such questioning,
One to another, and then hale him forth
Whose blame it is, that we adjudge how much
And of what kind shall be his punishment!
Who e’er has been so wise that he could say—
This, the most glaring fault of all the scale
Of man’s iniquity, from passion’s furnace heat
To the dark force of hidden selfish crime,
Through all the varying shades of open sin
And public-pardoned fashionable folly—
This worst shall men unite to utterly condemn!
And they that suffer here its cruel weight,
Knowing hell’s tortures ’mid the crowd of men,
Sinful as they in less obnoxious ways,
Shall adults execrate and children stone;
While he that shifts woe to another’s back
Shall be o’erlooked as much the cleverer.**

“Wragg is in Custody”

Know ye yon hilly moor, whose desert space
Extending wide, and noisome crevices,
No healthy man endures in day's full glare?
Know ye its horror when dank morning mists
No comfort bring to a mind as bare of hope
As are its hillocks? In such cold half-light
Come with me, friend, and watch a piteous scene.
Two shapeless forms, scant clad, the eye discerns.
One is a woman prone upon the earth;
All quiet she, save for a restless heave
Left from the harsh recoil of the avalanche
That broke her heart and swept her life of joy
In one wild gathering anguish. Come more near.
“She does not suffer now?” Ask of the rock
O'er which the iceberg's graving tool has dragged,
In picture-writing still intelligible
Recording deep its slow relentless force,
If it knows pain; 'twill point you to the scars
The ages brought it as it turned to stone.
The other form is still. Its tiny curves
Distorted by its small life's passionate end—
“How was it done? Is this the mother's woe?”
About its neck discolored pressure lines
Are matched by fingers that could once caress;
And they, the servants of disordered will,
Have crushed the life they should have died to save.
“Whose is the blame.”

Come, we have seen enough.

“Wragg is in Custody”

**Back to the town that now unconscious lies
Warm 'gainst the night that froze her pity so.**

**The noon has come, and men have time to stop
And give the word about their business,
And hear their neighbor's plaint he grows not rich,
With many an explanation why 'tis thus.
A group of men goes by, a needless crowd
To lead one helpless form all careless where.
“ Say, can't ye help her carry her sick babe? ”
What matters that small added burden, when her load
So self-imposed, so desperate, knows no bounds?
“ The child's not sick, my friend, 'tis dead;
She did it.” “ What! She's murdered her own child?
Neighbors, come hither, quick! They say ”—And so
The swelling crowd moves on. Wragg is in custody!**

(See *Arnold's* Function of Criticism.)

On the Beach

The scene: Low hills of white-hot sand,
Whence quivers up the overcharge
Of heat, in waves of parching force
That cease not till the day's decline
Assuage their fierceness in night's dew.
Hills partly covered with the growth
Of thorny trees, their limbs awry;
And yellow, ugly clumps of grass
That hide no tiny minstrelsy
Such as one hears in fertile meads.
Beyond, a strip of naked sand
Hard pounded by recurring storms,
And then a line of sullen wave
That breaks in fringe monotonous;
And muttering, awaits the strength
Of tempest wind to overwhelm
The bleakness drear afresh, and turn
Its long expanse to deader waste.

The viewer: One whose earnest youth
Is battling with its untrained force;
Outweared by temptations hot

On the Beach

And blasting as the steady glare
Of sun on sand, and memories
Of unsuccessful effort, bare
As sun-scorched sand of good results.
His hand supports the gun, wherewith
He lately sought to satisfy
That lowest impulse of man's mind,
The savage instinct to destroy;
Directed 'gainst the timid deer,
Despite its conscious cruelty.

The tempter: One whose soft warm neck
Is maddening in its loveliness,
Because it so insists to him
Of flesh, and fleshly intercourse;
And she so wilfully spreads snares
To sacrifice his nobleness
To passing pleasure, hers and his,
That aching hours of remorse
Shall not erase from memory.

The impulse: Just to meet half way
Temptation, simply that she tempts;
And so give o'er the endless strife
'Twixt soul and body, and decide
The never-ending contest there,
And reconcile his life's ideal
With desert horror like the scene;

On the Beach

And with this worst decision, fall
Back the long way he'd climbed so far
In daily striving—knowing now
That all before of loneliness
Could not compare with coming woe.
For that was ever out of sin
Toward purer life; and this should be
Thenceforth defiled with hopeless guilt
And weakening love of nobleness;
Till ruin closed the history.

The crisis: This—he could not meet
And overcome such tempting lures
And send her back with strength from him
To curb her own and help his powers.
He rightly judged her now beyond
All purer pleading he might bring
To suffer him to go his way
Unstained. Or else he felt how weak
Was his own mind to harbor then
Enticement passing power to stem,
And at the same time, truest love
Which should deny the thing desired;
The one had entrance gained, and filled
A nature full enough without
This newer load; and there appeared
But two ways open: one, to yield,
And with the yielding forfeit heaven,

On the Beach

Inviting hellish fire for life
Thereafter, till life sank in Hell—
The other: Quick, the barrel's length
Has parted witch and heart entrapped;
And as the lead her white breast tears,
The tempter dies, temptation ends.
No moment now for mad regret!
That he had felt in keenest sting
As he decided what to do.
And having done as best he knew,
One kiss he prints, forgiving her,
Upon the wounded flesh; and then
Quick follows whither she has gone—
Into the presence of the God
That let them tempt each other thus.

Ah me! Why tell the dreadful tale,
While birds of prey are hurrying down
To mingle flesh that would not meet
While still alive, with carrion
And gritty pebbles in their crops!
I think far better this than that,
If they indeed could not withstand.
I also think that had they tried
They could have found escape—but then
She would not try. At any rate,
God judges them, not you and I.

Kate or Catherine?

THE many things that led thereto
You need not know.
This scene, the drama's last, I show
That in like case, if ever, you may do
Like battle, and unscathed go.

An early April evening, bright
With stars, whose fire
Was kindling with the strong desire
Of wakening Spring, comes to my mind this night
In memories that never tire.

For on that evening, she and I
Did part on earth.
For though the old home of her birth
Still holds her, we may not again come nigh
To ease, as then, our spirit's dearth.

She was another's wife when first
We met. No love
She gave him. She, so far above
All baseness, love a fiend whose cruel thirst
Was vulture's for a wounded dove?

Kate or Catherine?

How can I tell the tale? What need
The steps to tell
By which we both trod nearer Hell—
The steady growth of passionate love-seed
To poisonous fruitage, sweet and fell?

Suffice that on that night I came
To house, and (where
My foot ne'er yet had been) the stair
Which led to her own room; and tongues of flame
Glanced to my heart from eyes and hair!

I paused and said; "One moment, Kate!
This is not kind!
With eager longing deaf and blind
To right of law, as to another's hate,
I leave you—or—you're lost, I find!

"For in short space of time, my strength
Of yearning sweet
Will know one object only; fleet
The days then fast, or drag a lingering length,
They bring you woes I can't repeat.

"Forgive this wild avowal—best
That I should say
What from another turned away
Your friendship." On her glorious heaving breast
Her head drooped as she whispered "Stay."

Kate or Catherine?

The struggle lasted long. Ah me!
It hurts me yet
In triumph mingled with regret—
With body's scorn for soul's glad victory—
In pictures I can ne'er forget!

But when, grown calm, I turned; in fears
That I had gained
But half a conquest, and remained
The harder, to gain hers; through scalding tears
I saw sad eyes, and love restrained.

No formal leave we took; no word
Or clasp of hand
She gave me. I could understand
Her life's long gratitude without; nor have I heard
Directly since I left that land.

I merely said on leaving, "Call
Me Alf no more,
But Alfred, wise in counsel; or
Yourself call Kate, but Catherine, best of all
For you, the pure as ne'er before."

And now I think in quiet times
What if still "Kate" ?
No! I won't meet your friend! I hate
His vicious leer! He sets me writing rhymes!
Yes, he's the man, the reprobate!

“In Search of a Word”

THE first violins are muted,
And under them, stealing along,
A lovely lilt in the cello
Sings me an eerie song.
It tells of the human yearning
To utter the human soul;
Wide as the open prairie
To spread the close shut scroll,
In the glare of day; as wide
As Arctic snow plain, wide
As sky and ocean, that all
Might once be fitly told,
Might once be read and known.
It sobs that it can not tell me,
It sighs with effort vain;
And through it I hear the baffled moan
Of the Maker's heart in pain.
What speech so fit as music
To say what no word can—
What strings and wind in vain attempt!
In vain the soul would sing itself
Through wind and strings; and yet I find

“ In Search of a Word ”

**Good cause for patience till there come
The day when words are dumb,
When songs are stilled, the soul
Content that it may feel
The utmost in its power
Nor suffer death; and all it knows,
And feels, can tell at last
In perfect speech to perfect souls—
Till then, there's music; play for me!**

The Second Rhapsody

With ponderous rhythm and thought portentous
Hear the theme!
Voices of warriors, strong passions that have rent us,
As in a dream returned;
Thought jostling thought, in keenest rapture,
With suffering burned
As with a brand on each! in highest tone
Rushing as whirlwinds on; the while the moan
Of many a soul in patient yearning,
A-hungered, toward fancied haven turning,
With piteous cry—"Express my woe
Or lighten it!"—How massive go
The chords; how fierce, intense the strings
Uniting in a scream of shrill despair!
Quivers the listening air and sobs in sympathy.
Forth breaks again the storm
And louder wails again the soul in torture's rack,
As it, with one long straining effort,
Unappeased—falls back!

The Twelfth Rhapsody

THE call to arms! The rush of many feet!
Sounds, dull and fateful on the frozen ground!

The rattling crash;

The arrow's whistle, hateful;

The shout of triumph and the shriek for aid;
Woe-laden voice of him who bids farewell
To earth, while bygone memories rise and swell

Of how they love at home

And of the time when soft the evening hymn
Rose in the twilight by the evening fire—and all around

The sulphur smoke and gasping breath;

The high and loud-yelled order, indistinct, but hasten-
ing Death

Already overtaken, and bidding his victims haste

To meet him; scarcely traced

Amid the din and reek, the banner's flutter—
All sounds that mutter, groan, exult, implore, lament,
Together blent, in Woe!

So through my soul these striving chords do go,
Jarring my nerves with stories of men's lives,
Men's longings, struggles, sufferings—
And piteous overthrow!

Philharmonic

A FEW wild notes of tuning strings,
And soft notes from the wood-wind, vague
As children's distant voices—a pause, that brings
Our thoughts and senses to their keenest; then
The graceful waving of the Leader's wand—
And softly sweet, one cello's whispering tone,
Like stillness audible, falls on the ear;
I close my eyes to listen, for my Joy is here!
The theme is given out in measured, resonant tone
Like water dripping from a mossy stone
Into the pool beneath, in rhythm irregular.

Again a pause—and hush! in higher key
The violins are answering, dreamily;
As if their souls had newly wakened been
From visions of that wondrous time, long gone,
When instrument and Master were but One—
Each breathing through the other passionate thought.
When makers could, by simple finger touch,
Discern right well that only such, and such,
Must be the woods to form the perfect whole;
This bit of stick to make the loving soul,

Philharmonic

This the curved body, fashioned cunningly,
And that the tapering neck or keyboard be.

And now the music throbs and cries in pain
While flute and clarion tell the theme again.
The bows in equal movement like swift shuttles fly,
Weaving the air with threads of melody
Into a tissue of pure harmony.
With modulation rich and various shade
Are all my troubled thoughts in slumber laid.
The crash of brass, the oboe's mournful strain,
The quivering drums, the stories in the strings,
All blend and summon me to pure endeavor:
Ah! I could listen thus, content, forever!

'Tis almost over now: the wandering strains combine
Or seek by different paths one common chord—
A minor seventh, full of sad lament;
The theme again, in major gladness scored;
One long sweet dominant,—and the end is come!
The Leader lays aside his wand; he, and the men
Who with him made such music, leave us, dumb
With pure delight; steal softly forth as loath to stir
The veil of beauty o'er our spirits laid;
And quietly we follow, saying naught,
For words are useless in such ecstasy.

The lamps go out, the spacious hall grows still
While yet the glad sound waves the building fill,

Philharmonic

Pulsing against the portals as if out they'd flee
To make some grief-bowed mortal live more happily.
They are not lost, though seeming prisoned there;
We take them in us through the evening air;
And, if we've heard aright, we thenceforth try
To fill each other's lives with loving charity.
For this was Music given to man—
To expect Pain's discords, through his life's short span,
When he goes hence, beyond the twilight skies,
To be resolved in wondrous perfect wise;
And meanwhile, that upon his way he lack not cheer,
To give some beauteous foretaste of it, even here.

“To Die—to Sleep”

WHERE mavis sings and the swift leverets play, .
There make my bed.
With quivering starlight and the azure sky
My canopy,
When I am dead.

But thou, O Worldling, go thy selfish way,
For on my head
Thou pouredst shame and cruelty in days gone by,
And though I draw no vengeful breath,
I would all quiet lie
In death.

There when the storms of Winter make the landscape gray,
The flowers, dead,
Shall deck me warmly from the snow and sleet
And bitter winds that whistle by—
Snow, wind, and sleet
Cold as thy pity,
And my winding sheet.

“ To Die—to Sleep ”

**And through the lengthening shadows of the Summer day,
The blue harebell
Shall ring above my grave in tender voice
Its perfumed knell;
And all the gentle creatures I have loved, rejoice
I rest so well.**

Charasang

1

Through the untrodden desert of my woe,
Compassed by pain, my halting footsteps go.
Torture of body, racking ceaselessly
My tight-stretched nerves, and misery
Of mind that knows no hope, is mine.
Whichever way my weary steps incline
They bring me ever to more noxious air;
My lungs refuse to breathe, and the hot glare
Of Sin's mad gaze upon my aching soul,
The pestilential fever winds, that stole
So lately from the bottomless morass
Of evil, close at hand on either side, the mass
Of unclean spirits blocking up my way
And threatening or enticing that I grow as they
Polluted, lost to sense of shame and right—
Close smartingly upon my parching sight,
And fill me with such new and awful pain
That every fibre in me quivers again.
Thick and relentless, the black cloud of doubt
Each healthy thought from my mind's view shuts out——

Beloved, I were lost indeed, but for one wish
That I have safely kept, and safe will keep; 'tis this,
That I be led at last to thy love's oasis!

Charasang

2

I too have suffered in the days gone by,
With mien unchanged, with never a tear or sigh,
But in a passion of strong agony
Have clenched my hands and borne it,
Though the nails left each its impress
In the quivering flesh. For as men scorn it
To see another yield to pain, "They shall not know,"
I hourly told myself, "my heart's great grief." Best so;
For how could any understand or sympathize?
And I did fear to meet the world's too curious eyes!

But of all griefs, all cares, all withering woes,
Which Fate deals out to man in heavy blows,
This latest grief no ray of comfort knows;
This heavy woful burden is of all the worst;
This care is desperate—keeping me athirst,
Ahungered for—I know not what! Relief
Comes not; nor can it come through after years,
For hopeless, heartless, caring not what chance
May have in store for me, the bitter tears
Refuse to flow, and all unhappy, I
Must go my way in sorrow till I die!

Death! Shall I fear it, when it gives me thee?
Through our short happy life together did we see
All our desires fulfilled? Did we not feel
That there was none on earth that could reveal

Charasang

The secret of becoming ever, wholly One?
And failing that, was Love's Ideal won?
No! When my hands shall fade through cold degree
To non-existence, and there steadily
Creeps toward my heart a slowly shuddering chill;
When eyes are glazing, lungs forget to fill,
And friends are venturing a louder voice—
Through the last struggle I shall most rejoice
That this crude barrier between our soul
Is being torn to let Myself escape!

What wonder that it hurts, seeing the whole
Of flesh so intimately serves to drape
The spirit's outlines; while a life is spent
That they be more intensely intermixed and blent!
So, when the body suffers all it can,
And from that moment 'I no more am man,
Waking, my soul shall first be 'ware of thee—
And then of utter rest! Then lead thou me
Unto the God thou'st known so long and well,
That we, together, One, more fitly tell
Our love and gratitude than ever we could do
While still on earth, and while so, always two!

Come Death, O Friend I long for, and release
My struggling spirit to that rest and peace
I dream of! Give Thou patience, Lord, that I
Until Thy will be finished, may not wish to die!

Cremation

OH, give me to the flames when from my frame
There goeth forth this breath that made me man,
Leaving but matter. Give ye then this form
Which men have loved, and loathed, as Me
Unto that kindest element which draws its being
From solar fires, as I have mine. And then
Scatter the ashes on some river's breast, still-flowing
And noble, as it bears its course to the sea,
And it shall gently lay them to their rest
Deep in unfathomed niche of Ocean's floor.
While the gaseous elements rise ever higher,
Blown of the winds, to roam the universe
Free as my soul to all eternity.
And there perchance shall they be purified
From thought of what has been—the half-charred coal
Of sullen selfishness, and leaping fiery flame
Wherewith my passion burned. And at that day
When ghostly forms assemble, to give account,
And hear adjudged their lives, shall I be found
Fit to don immortality, purged from all dross,
And saved for Blessedness—ev'n as by Fire!

Lethe

BEFORE I drink, what most, of all I've known,
Or been, or had,
Do I desire the strongest to forget?
From birth my life was sad,
Made up of disappointments, yet
Mere pain, and loss and grief came not to me alone.

Youth's hope and promise, withered flowers; health
And friends, and fame,
Lost, one or all—what soul is hid so safe
Its tale is not the same?
Long since for me these failed to chafe,
Nor e'er had brought me here in age to quaff by stealth.

Life at its highest, love both deep and pure
I offered her—
Too narrow, shallow, self-full she to know
The worth it would confer
On lives imperfect, progress slow
Till then, needing but Love to make all triumphs sure.

Lethe

Since then my bitter life more bitter still
Becomes, and nought
Of joy can e'er be mine, and hope is dead.
Too many years I've wrought,
The slave of Love; now, hither fled,
I may blot out the eyes I see, go where I will.

One wish alone is mine; 'tis strenuous—this—
 Let memory cease!
 Blind be the eyes that send their withering light
 To rob my soul of peace!
 Love, spurned for duty, proved such blight,
 Could I forget her glorious haunting gaze, 'twere bliss!

At last I fill my beaker with the rest—
O Sorrow's Balm!
What quiet shall be mine these last few years,
Soul-tempest soothed and calm!—
Ah no! I dare not drink it! Fears
My soul to lose its All, in hopes of being blest!

De Mortuis

My friend is dead! God let my grief find rest!
Where is he buried? Here within my breast,
His grave with many a perfumed memory drest.

Like flowers, they too must slowly droop and fade;
Yet mid rare beauty has his grave been made;
He should sleep well, so tenderly he's laid.

The grace of youthful ardor, shared, in sooth,
Like all the eager powers that swayed our youth,
And love of all things high, and thirst for truth—

The glimmer of possible Unself, and all
We yet should do to bless the world, the thrall
Of mighty Music—these do deck his pall.

And many another garland near his head
I laid, the while a sorrowing prayer I said,
Forgetting all offence, now he was dead.

Where is he buried? Nay! He lives, ev'n yet—
But when I call no answering word I get—
We've drifted out of hail, and the sun is set!

De Mortuis

The whole wide world of thought shall interpose
Ere we again begin to approach—who knows
That each shall keep his strength as on he goes?

Death holds a soul entangled in a snare!
Oh, it is worse than dying, than despair—
For the corpse lives, and seems not ev'n to care!

Hope lingers, sighing, by the death-stream broad;
But once it whispered low, in accents awed,
“There is a resurrection.” Yea! Thank God!

Madonna di San Sisto

FORTHGAZING on the world and Thy great mission;
Held tight to the breast, returning no embrace;
Already mingle in Thy beauteous face
The human need and the divine prevision,
Thou perfect Babe! Thy mother's heart must break
With coming trial, the while her glorious eyes
Consent to duty, and dread the sacrifice.
Oh grant that I all earthliness forsake,
Inspired by sight of Godhead so sublime,
And worship in Thy light through life to th' end;
Eternity in Thy blest radiance spend,
Perfect from thought of earth, from stain of time;
My hope upon Thy faith-seen beauty stayed,
So nobly here foreshadowed and portrayed!

To Mark Hopkins

THE weary muse hath sung in olden days
Full many a doughty warrior and his deed;
The god-born hero, helping men in need;
Gray hairs and childhood, given to the blaze
Of Persecution's fire. Thy sweet voice raise,
O Heavenborn! now, to sing of one whose dole
Of strength and wisdom to the hungry soul
So helped to clear from countless minds the haze
Of Self and Sin, that but obscured the rays
Of dawning manhood! Let thy hand's sure flight
Through coming years to gratitude incite
With resonant strings; that speed through all the ways
Man treads on earth, his well-loved name; and blend
No notes unworthy of a young man's friend!

Togo Heihachiro

BANZAI! Brave Admiral! Thy mighty dead
Have favored Dai Nippon's expanding fame,
That all the lands thy victory acclaim
And search through history for deeds of dread
To parallel with thine. The bullet sped
Against the terror of an empty name
Has sunk a navy, doubled former shame,
And saved a nation and a world! Thou'rt bred
A hero for thy land's supremest need,
From hidden perils to assure release,
And overwhelm a proud and weakly Czar!
Great Kwannon bless thee in thine honored peace,
As fearful Shaka gave the victor's meed
In battle more renowned than Trafalgar!

A National Hymn

Bid now the East, whose surges roar
Hoarse welcome to the dawning day;
And Western Ocean's peaceful shore
That takes the parting sun's last ray;
And Gulf, whose waves in dancing white
Answer the ripening cotton field;
With Northern Mighty Lakes—unite
Columbia fitting praise to yield!

Our Native Land! What noble pride
Stirs loyal hearts at thy dear name!
Thy glories through all time abide:
We ask no other than thy fame!
Better than wealth for man's support,
Better than arms for man's defence,
The love for man which thou hast taught
The world in peaceful eminence!

We sing thy name, the wide world o'er
That calls the oppressed of other lands;
We sing thy harvest's bounteous store
For honest work of honest hands;

A National Hymn

Quick to our eyes the warm tears spring
When thy dear flag on high appears;
And with a calmer joy we sing
Thy victories that cost no tears.

Exalt, my Brother, clear and strong,
The God of Nations, throned above.
To countless thousands shall belong
Our glorious land, our patriot's love!
All strife and envy from this hour
Be buried deep, as hand in hand,
We pledge our every loyal power
For God, for Home, and Native Land!

Indian Love Song

As fall the purple shadows
Like fruit from the vine of day,
Down from the bright stars, twinkling
Like yellow bees at play,
I take canoe and paddle
Where the sleeping waters sway;
Love bids me rise and seek thee
And quickly I obey.

Thy lips are the leaves of the maple,
By Autumn breezes fanned;
Thy voice is the cooing wood dove's,
And soft as moss thy hand;
Thine eyes, like sparks of fire
Both passionate and bland,
Have kindled a love within me
That I can not understand.

It burns as a raging fever
And takes my strength away;
I fear the Manitou no more,
To thee alone I pray.
For thee I pine and wither
Like leaves in the heat of day;
Come to me, Love, like the south wind,
And coming, ever stay!

At the Cave's Mouth

[*From the Koran.*]

O LET me weave!
Into the cave he's run,
Torn, hunted and thin,
Why—I can't conceive.
(Tighten the thread as I spin).
Had he come slow, in fun
He might have brushed me aside,
Killed me, perhaps—what then?
His need is plain—all haste!
Hither the others ride.
Now, when this last one's placed—
There, let me try it again—
'Tis done! not the prettiest net
I've spun in my time; no doubt
Too many crossings forgot;
'Tis weak here and there, and yet,
Though a bee could break its way out,
'Twill do for the time and the spot:
I can eat it and spin it again.
O yes! you others can peer—
"The spider's web over the mouth;
Look, he isn't in there!" O you men!
Hurry, do, off to the south.
Allah sent him, and saves him, here!

The Quail's Note

Ah! Bob White!

Wilt come to me?

The morning dew hangs in the tangled stalks
Of bending grass, so cool and sweet;

Thy bashful feet

Wander through flowery walks

In search of me.

And so I stand and call, and call,

Bob White!

Wilt come to me?

My spots and bars of milk and brown
Are finer in thine eyes than all

That call Bob White!

And o'er the breezy down

Our wings shall bear us swift

Where we have chosen to build

In safety, under leaves where drift

Cool shadows laced with sunlight;

Hours filled

With the Spring's love await us there

Bob White!

The Quail's Note

Wilt come to me?
When the little eggs lie warm
Under my breast,
Then I shall rest
From singing; but thou 'lt sing to me
In murmuring love through shine and storm
Bob White!

Wilt come to me?
So as I listen in the early dawn
Thy mate is calling for thee,
Ah! Bob White!

Thou laggard lover! Hasten to her side,
She's waiting for thee in the dewy lawn—
Thy bride, Bob White!

The Confidant

THE honeymoon was gone. I knew
 'Twould last four weeks, perchance;
And then 'twere safe to wager that the glance
 Of love would lose its fire, and view
The scene more calmly, half-askance.

I did not guess 'twould be so soon;
 But first comes she, the wife,
With woful tale of her embittered life;
 The joy and glamour of her noon
Made midnight by the clouds of strife.

"All my romantic hopes," says she,
 "For union pure and high;
All nobler interests that he and I
 Could know; a blessed unity
That would time's saddening power defy—

"All prove, Alas! a cheating dream!
 Yet would I e'en abase
Myself, if need be; take the lower place;
 Give up my plans for life, and seem
To wait in awe upon his grace.

The Confidant

" I'd only ask—no more than right—
That he should but be wise,
And try to feel how great a sacrifice
I made, and with his skill and might
Make real the dream that dazed my eyes.

" I find instead no lofty aim,
No blended power and love
To help me reach a plane of life above
Earth-levels and the common fame—
He's simply caught and caged a dove.

" He does not care that it can fly!
No, it shall coo to please
But him, and sleek its pretty wings, and tease
Its heart with longing; if it die,
What then? His selfish heart's at ease!"

Then he comes—sighing fit to blow
Church organs—" Ah, dear friend,
I little knew how near the vision's end!
We men don't care to talk, you know,
Too much of matters we can't mend—

" But I give up my hopes for rest
In clinging love; for aid
And inspiration in each effort made
Toward larger life; too great a test
For any woman, I'm afraid.

The Confidant

" I once believed she'd understand
My nature's deeper need
By woman's intuition, and give heed
To such a moderate demand
As that she follow where I lead.

" A perfect truth of confidence,
And harmony with me
And my great thoughts, I rightly hoped to see.
Just purity and innocence
Was all I wanted her to be!

" It was not much to ask of her,
If more she could not do,
That she at least be serious and true.
Alas! her lightness would deter
A braver man than I, or you!"

" Go bring her here," I said; at length.
When both, shamefaced, appeared—
" Suppose," I asked, " that all which hope endeared,
Of blended gentleness and strength,
Were realized, and the heavens cleared:

" Would you have asked me in to share
Your hopes fulfilled in bliss?
Then let me ask you why you bring me this,
Your early failure; how you dare
Betray your common life amiss?

The Confidant

" False pride, the need of one clear word,
And selfishness, I find,
Have led to the edge of a tragedy, and blind
You sigh apart, in hope deferred.
Awake, and leave all self behind!

" Share all things; see where fault has been;
And guard from all outside
The privacy of married life—your pride
Should hold it little short of sin
To mourn in public hopes that died.

" Start now afresh. Let each give more,
Demanding no return—
So make your life a beauteous poem; learn
What share each has in the common store,—
And clear again love's fire shall burn.

" If I mix acid and an earth
They struggle and seethe, of course;
Well, so must souls, far more, adjust their force
Before combining; but its worth
In the end exceeds each partial source.

" So here's a lesson science lends
To make the matter clear.
Only adjust the hint to your higher sphere
And I know now how the crisis ends—
Don't bring your private worries here!"

The Confidant

Perhaps I've shown the tragedy—
If not, this makes it plain:
I could have used her trust in me to gain
Her love beside—far more than he
I've loved her, always, and in vain!

The Burglary in the Church

"HIST! Pedro—when do they lock the church?
Sharp nine, you say?" "You'll hear the old bell soon."
"There it is now. Hark! One—two—three—"

[Within the church.

— Ave!

Madre di Dio!

Prega por noi

Peccatori—

"Quick you! Here comes the sexton out!
Stupid old man, and weak as any boy—
Yah! Turn the rusty key, much good it does!
You could n't keep us out"—

"Take care, the priest!"

"Your blessing, Father." "Benedicite!"

"Now then, look sharp! Stoop down and let me mount.
Give me a knee; your back; lift—So! I've slid the bolt.
Watch now and whistle if they come; you know the call—
Three squeaks like frightened marmot, then one drawn out
long.

Watch now, I'll soon come back"—

The Burglary in the Church

"Faith! I don't feel so bold when once within
And all alone. What whispering noises creep
All through the aisles and up along the roof;
As if the souls of all who worship here
Were coming back to spy me out, and cry,
Before I do, 'Antonio's robbed the church
O' the Holy Mother!'—I don't call it theft
To take back what these lazy priests stole first
From many an honest chap for useless prayers.
Surely I'm not afraid of foolish shadows in a country
church!

Yes, but I am, though! Porco Di'! I've left my flask
Outside with Pedro, and he's drunk already
Or I'm not called Antonio the Cruel.
Now for a light. So—there's the chest I seek!
Open then! Humph! This chisel's cursed dull!
Baccho, what echoes! Now my beauties, come!
They'll hunt their gold and silver cups in vain next week.
Let them melt down some of the hard earned gold
The peasant gives them, when he sells his olives
Three leagues away in Florence. They've enough
To coat the church with if they—

[*Signal without.*]

Here take this sack. It's heavy! Ah-h, you fool!
Because you're deaf is every one a post?
Don't clank the things together; hold the bag
With one hand tight, and put the other under,

The Burglary in the Church

There, that's the way! 'Twill keep the noisy plates
From calling out the watch. Off now, and home!
And mind you turn up for the early mass
To-morrow morning, and don't over-act
When first they tell you that the church was robbed
Some time on Friday night. Don't you begin
To tell them where you were at nine o'clock.
Keep still and hide the bag, and when the noise
Has stilled a bit, we'll share and share alike;
Although I ought to have the most, by rights. And Pedro,
mind!
Don't play me false! You know they call me cruel
And scare the children sleepy with my name. Good-night!
You turn to the left and hurry home. I'm going down
To see a friend who has a pretty niece. Good-night!"

[*The next afternoon, at confessional.*]

Pedro. And I have lost my temper twice this week;
And once I charged a woman somewhat more
For a goat's cheese than most would think it worth;
And once—I—think I told what wasn't so—
That's all, O Holy Father.

Then the padre gave
A penance suited to the case in hand.
"Because you lost your temper, say a prayer
Two hundred times a day; 'twill teach you patience.
You have your beads?"

"O I can count my fingers!"

The Burglary in the Church

Five on each hand, that's ten, and ten of them,
Morning and evening, makes two hundred prayers;
(I've lost two fingers off my left hand, though.
Antonio did it. But I'd say the prayers
If they were there, and so we'll let it go.) "
"Then for the cheese—you'd better hunt her out
From whom you took too much and give it back,
And add as much again—or—that the Church
Will take; the Blessed Virgin needs a veil
To keep the dust and flies off in the heat
Of summer, and to keep her nicely warm
In winter time. And then, because you lied,
Give two new candles to the altar; so you'll learn
How truth and generous thoughts together live.
And every time you see the candles burn
You'll think that so much fire will be left out,
And so much time as they shall need
To burn all out, shall be forgiven to you
In Purgatory; and so bring the best
And longest you can find. Thus will be given
Honor to Mary; and to you, reward
After you're dead. Now go in peace, my son!"

[A week later. A poorly furnished hut on the margin of the village.]

Pedro. Ah me! I told a lie, ev'n at confessional!
Little the Padre thought that when I stuck
And stammered out I'd said what wasn't so

The Burglary in the Church

'Twas of the words next coming that I spoke,
Not of those gone already. And the Padre said
I should bring candles, fair to see and long,
And so would be forgiven both fire and time
In Purgatory. But the tapers bought
And set out nicely by the altar there,
I hoped my mind would sing itself to sleep
With sounds that mean nought, as the babies do.
And so I needn't think on what shines out
So bright in the dark that even now I see
The glimmering shapes of gold and silver cups
That dance about the walls of this poor hut
And through my brain, day in day out; while I
Can shut my eyes and ears tight as the vats
That hold the autumn cheeses, under weights
Three men can't lift—so tight I say, my head
Is shut from all about, and still they dance,
Those crazy dishes, hideous fiends astride them,
Leering and saying never a word! Maria!
Will they not let me be! What right have I—

[ANTONIO comes in and listens. PEDRO has thrown
himself down on a chair and hidden his face
in his arms on the table. A fire of sticks burns
up fitfully, and the shadows come out of the
corners a little way and then hurry back again.

Jesu! What right have I

The Burglary in the Church

To ask the Virgin's help, who have her own
Hid in a bag beneath my bed? I say
What right have I? Or will have in the years
Fast hurrying on with loss of strength and hearing,
When every day brings a new twinge of pain.
And then that night—while stealing from the church,
Surely a man's form drew a little back
Into the trees that skirt the Florence road!
And though I turned about and waited twice
And saw or heard no more, I still felt sure—
Why did I feel so? People say the old
Have visions given them as they near the grave,
So they know things the young had never guessed.
And then that bag gave tongue a hundred times,
It seemed to me; just as one takes a puppy
And holds his nose to keep him still, and then
Some moment he forgets, his fingers loose,
The dog shakes free and takes him yelping home:—
I feared me fifty times I'd drop the bag
And see it waddle shrieking back to church!
And now the Sbirri come at any minute—
Dig up my floor—'tis found—they tie my hands,
Drag me along through crowds of well-known folk
Too proud to speak to one who forfeits it
That honest men should ever greet him more!
Meanwhile Antonio—ah! I had not thought!
What could I say to him if I gave back
As now I nearly thought I should—Ay, sure!

The Burglary in the Church

Would he who chopped my fingers off in fun
Ever forgive——

Antonio. Would you expect him to?
Don't jump, you hound! I've heard, I say,
All of your stupid gabble, or as much
As any man could hear and not turn sick!
I said that night we'd share and share alike,
Though I deserved the most who did the most,
But now I'll give you no half florin's worth—
Not even the sight of it! Hand here the bag,
And waste no time, you beast!

Pedro. Antonio, wait!
Have we been friends so long, and shared our luck
And now a few rash words must break the bond?
Besides, the half is mine; you promised it;
Three times you said we'll share and share alike—
And 'twas the coin's toss that decided it
Who should go in——

Antonio. Come, come! I have no time
To chatter here. Give me the bag, I say,
And I'll not harm you. You're too old to kick!

Pedro. No I'll not give it up! The half is mine!
For what else, tell me, did I risk my soul
And——

Antonio. Pedro, don't you know the risk
You're running now? I tell you I am loath
To take by force what's altogether mine.

The Burglary in the Church

For you have forfeited——

Pedro.

Nay! That I have not!

I can defend my own——

Antonio.

Defend it then!

Per Baccho! I've no wish to waste my breath!

[*ANTONIO feints with his knife. PEDRO dodges, and wounds ANTONIO on the forehead, just below the hair. The blood blinds him; he strikes wildly to the side. PEDRO is killed by the blow. Just as he falls, ANTONIO wipes the blood from his eyes, the fire flares a bit, and he sees him lying dead.*

[*The next morning early; the priest's dwelling.*

The Sexton. No, they're not there yet! eh? what? you say——

O yes, Pedro is dead—I said so first.

But come and see the hut. What have I had

To drink? O yes, what made me think——

Why thus it was. Last Friday night's a week,

Isn't it? Let me see—yes, that's the night.

I locked the door at nine; I always do;

And hurried home across the market place.

I hadn't reached the Gabbia, where they put

The vagabonds and little thieves, before I missed

The snuffbox that your Reverence gave me once.

Remember it? All black on back and sides,

And rubbed a chocolate brown along the edge,

The Burglary in the Church

And where you press thumb when you open it
'Tis worn so thin that 'twixt the sun and you
A sharp eye sees the line of the dust
Within. Well, so I turned about
And hurried back, for I had let it lie
Upon the organ bench until I closed the choir.
I hurried back, I say, the shortest road,
And so came in at the small door you use
To gain the apse without the need of pacing
The long main aisle. I opened soft the door,
And stopped! I heard a rasping noise
Like old wood splitting, in the little room
Where hang the vestments. So I hurried out
And hid me in the trees that skirt the road
Leading to Florence, where the small inn stands
Where lived Antonio once—the one they call
Antonio the Cruel—feeling sure they'd come,
If it was thieves, and take the country road.
I hadn't waited long before I heard
That muffled flannelly sound a metal thing
Makes with another when they're both wrapped up.
I hid me deeper, and a man crept by
Holding before him as it were a babe
Close wrapped in black, so carefully 'twas held;
One hand about its neck, like this, and one below,
He held it straight before him as he felt his way.
But just a moment after passing me
He stumbled on a root, and then I heard

The Burglary in the Church

A noise of quiet cursing under breath,
And that same noise again. Now I've not cleaned
The gold and silver service of Our Blessed Lady
For nearly thirty years, and handled them
Times without number, not to know their ring
Though in a bag, and though my hearing's poor.
Well! After that I followed close behind
And soon we came to that small peasant's hut
Off from the road a bit, with the crooked door.
He went inside, and I looked through a crack—
I found three good ones on the western side—
And then I saw him scrape away the dirt
Beneath the straw he lies on; and then hurried home.
And every night but two I've watched the place,
And never saw or heard aught till last night.
Here! So I stood, and watched him sitting there,
His head bowed down as if in sleep; but soon
I heard a murmur; then the fire shot up
Enough to let me see his open eye. And then
Another man came in and stood just here.
The first one did not know it, for his back
Was turned, and he was talking to himself.
And pretty soon the stranger—so to say,
Though both of them have never been to church—
I'll stake my soul I'd know them—every man
And child and woman—yes! I'll tell you all,
Only have patience! Where did I stop? O yes.
The man that came in last said something loud,

The Burglary in the Church

The other started; then the words came fast.
I heard one call the other Beast, and then
They fought. The first man soon fell dead,
And I turned round, soon as I caught my wits,
And ran with all my strength to tell the watch;
And if I had not stopped to tell you first
I'd had the Sbirri here, by now, and the murderer caught!

*[One month later. A mountain glen with steep
sides; a small fire screened by flat stones; seated
before it, ANTONIO, his hand on his knife, lis-
tening.]*

Antonio. A thousand curses! Oh those bloodless eyes!
How they stared up from the shallow grave!
And what a fool I was to choose the place
In the dry brook, where the first rain will wash
And tear away the leaves, and show his face
Still glaring up between the stones! Oh God!
Would it were I that lay there! 'Twere no worse
Than having that last look so sharply cut
Upon my brain, to study hourly,
And follow with my finger each sharp curve,
Each twisted angle in his sunken cheeks.
His half-shut teeth, so white against his beard—
I put my finger on them—so—and, ugh!—they're cold!
And how I started as his hand slid down,
That one I cut the fingers off—he spoke .

The Burglary in the Church

About it just before—Oh God! my head!
I will not stand it! Let them stretch my limbs
And torture me! I know what torture is!
I have had worse upon the mountains here
Through long cold nights and sleepless days of hunger
Than ever man gave to another yet.
Those are the kind a man can give himself
And mine are damned with Hell's own misery!
I'll take me back and ease my mind once more
At the confessional. I liked it once,
In my first boyhood, for I had no thought
But what a priest mightly gladly hear
If he remembered his own childish days.
Mischief there was, but nothing bad. Ah me!
Can my tears flow, that pain and lust and crime
Have only made the drier with their scorching heat?
See now, I'm calm again, almost, and I
Have jumped at every sound, or thought of noise,
For many days, and seen a rifle barrel
In every branch that grew not crookedly.
Come now, the mood is on me, and I'll go!
Antonio the Cruel can be steadfast too!

[The confessional next day. Groans and sobs attract early comers, but they soon subside.]

[In the evening, at a doorstep, to a company of friends,

The Burglary in the Church

A little girl. Yes, I was kneeling there
Before the altar, saying a prayer,
And thinking of the candles tall and fair
Pedro had given. For that day,
Being the feast of San Bartolome,
They lighted them the second time, they say.
And a tall man, whose hair was black
And hung all ragged round him, touched my back
With his shoulder as he knelt at the rack.
And just then, every candle flame
Shivered a minute and went out; and came
A stir among the people, calling on Mary's name.
And the man asked me what it meant; and I
Answered that Pedro gave them, only to die
The next night—and I heard a cry
As of a wounded horse, and the man turned white
So that I did not know him. Then my sight
Cleared, and I knew, and shrieked with all my might.
And this very day they took him to the jail
Between two lines of soldiers, and without fail
They'll put him to the torture. But he'll not quail,
My father says, for body's ache or pain——
And then they'll show him to us, if the strain
Hasn't quite killed him, and then they'll do it again.
And so 'twill be until he dies, they say;
And when he dies he'll go the wicked way,
And his awful burning will be worse each day.
The priest, to his people. Thus you see, my friends,

The Burglary in the Church

What shameful ends
The wicked come to!

The people, at the tavern. 'Tis very plain, dear friends,
Thus a Friday's venture ends,
And always will do.

So they told me the tale,
Disjointed and blunt at the end:

But the ways of man's heart, though in evil case,
Our wit grows sharper, perhaps, if we trace.
What do you think, my friend,
Of my ill-told tale?

Geronimo

A tragedy in three acts.

ARGUMENT.—In the slave market of Oran an Arab boy is bought by Juan Caro, the Spanish governor. Moved by his good qualities, and a fancied resemblance to his dead son, the governor frees the boy after a short time, adopts and educates him, and renames him Geronimo. At the same slave market the governor has bought an Arab girl, named Zorahayda. Geronimo converts her to his new religion, Christianity, and tells her of his love. She returns it, and Juan Caro, as an expression of his pleasure in the fact, makes Geronimo his heir and the Captain of the Spanish Guard. While worshiping together at vespers the same day, messengers bring news of a small band of Arabs camped near the city, and rumors of a general gathering of all the tribes under the leadership of a renegade Spaniard, Euldji Ali. Against him Geronimo has fought in the past. He resolves to scatter the small band before Ali can arrive, but takes too few men and is captured. As the Arabs hold him without whom they feel that the city can not make a good defence, and because he is a Christian and they desire to make an example of him for deserting

Geronimo

his Moslem faith, Ali determines to carry him to Fez and summon all the tribes. Geronimo wins the hearts of Ali's men, and by his past fame as a warrior and his present bravery they are led to consider him as their possible chief, provided he will turn Moslem again. He is imprisoned for a month until all the tribes can gather at Fez. Meanwhile Zorahayda has heard of his condition and follows him by stealth, accompanied by only an old negress. She arrives at Fez the night before his death, and pleads for him with Ali the next morning before the people. They take the matter out of Ali's control, and offer the post of leader to Geronimo if he will return to his boyhood's faith, but if not he must die. He is ordered to be built up in the wall of the great gates of Bu Djelud, a palace at Fez, for he refuses to recant. Zorahayda kills Ali, and then, worn out by her severe experiences on the journey and her present trials, dies.

Geronimo

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

GERONIMO. An Arab, bought as a boy, freed and adopted by Juan Caro.

ZORAHAYDA. An Arab girl, bought at the same time with Geronimo and brought up in Caro's palace at Oran.

JUAN CARO. Spanish Governor of Oran.

EULDI ALI. Renegade Spaniard, in command of the Arab tribes.

MICHEL. A prisoner of Ali's at Fez, Spaniard and Christian.

PRIEST. In charge of the cathedral at Oran.

THREE IMAUMS.

Soldiers of the Spanish Guard at Oran. Ali's soldiers. Arab workmen.

Scenes of the action, Juan Caro's palace; the cathedral; an Arab camp in the desert; prison at Fez; Bu Djelud, a palace at Fez between the old town and the new.

Time of the action, a few weeks, from December 26, 1545.

Geronimo

GERONIMO.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. *Courtyard of JUAN CARO's palace. At the window, playing lute and humming to herself, ZORAHAYDA. Vista down street to left, opening on small square, front.*

Zorahayda. Flower of the Rose!

No other heart my heart's great treasure knows!

Nor how I dwell upon the matchless grace

Of one bold spirit.

Flower of the Rose!

Flower of the Vine!

His eyes have gazed with passion into mine!

I fear and love the beauty of his face

And his bold spirit.

Flower of the Vine!

[Stops to listen to distant song, up the street, of the Spanish patrol on its four o'clock round. The song dies out.]

Geronimo

Flower of the Clove!

What flower can tell the meaning of my love?

*[Stops again to listen to the Guard, coming nearer,
its song now distinct tho' behind the scenes.]*

Guard (approaching). The lion of the desert plain,
The savage mountain bear,
The farmer as he reaps his grain,
The monk who lives by prayer,
Are not more free
To love than we!
By day we fight
Make love at night,

[One voice.]

And never know a care——

[All.]

Hurrah!

And never know a care!

[Short pause.]

Zorahayda. . . . the meaning of my love!
As the deer longs for refuge in the chase,
So longs my spirit!
Flower of the Clove!

*[Guard is seen for the first time, coming down the
street.]*

Geronimo

Guard. In Andalusia's lovely vale
Lilies and poppies grow,
But all their perfumed beauties pale
Beside the pretty maids we know,
And love more dear
In the desert here:
Though far away
We'll meet some day

[*One voice.*]

And never know a care——

[*All.*]

Hurrah!

And never know a care!

[*As Guard reaches the square and the end of its song together, it halts. ZORAHAYDA draws the curtain partly across the window and peeps out. To his second in command, EL CHICO,*

Geronimo. El Chico!

Take thou the guard upon the usual round.
The city's safe, no foes its peace confound:
The vesper bell soon summons it to sleep
And then the evening watch with thee I'll keep.
Adios!

[*Guard salutes and marches away; ZORAHAYDA draws the curtain a little more aside.*

Geronimo

Geronimo. The evening falls over the quiet town,
While the hot splendors of the setting sun
Give place to heavy dews, soft settling down,
And watchful stars that steal out one by one.

The peaceful scenes without no answer find
In the fierce struggle here within my breast!
O Zorahayda! How thy beauties blind
My vision to all else, and fill my mind
With constant longing and a sweet unrest!

I come to thee, dear heart, and thy rich voice
Shall bid me cease all hope or evermore rejoice!

*[Enters the court. Up to this time he has not seen
ZORAHAYDA. Now she rises and they gaze
steadily at each other a moment; then he breaks
out—*

Zorahayda!

I gaze on thee with a strong delight
My heart surcharged with a passion deep
As the sea that dreams in the star's cool light!

My watch as a soldier for thee I keep—
'Tis thee alone that I love and guard
While thou and the city are wrapped in sleep!

*[Walks restlessly up and down a moment; she seats
herself; he turns and resumes more calmly:*

Geronimo

Like thee I was born an Arab child,
The son of a chieftain fierce and wild
Who warred with his neighbors constantly
And slaughtered his captives cruelly;
Yet true to his own and kind to his friends.
He perished in battle and I was the prey
Of the conquering chief; who sent me away
From my desert home when but ten years old
To this city of Oran. Here I was sold
In the market of slaves. 'Tis but little I hold
Still clear in my mind of the ride to the coast
Or my cruel captors; but one of the host
Of slaves on that day was Arab like me,
And my heart gave a bound at the cruelty
She suffered. And though but a child, and worn
With hunger and pain, my ankles torn
Where the cords cut deep in the flesh, ev'n then
I joyed in her sight as thirsty men
Rejoice at the spring in the oasis green,
As my young heart bowed and saluted its queen!
And oh! how I hoped we might both be bought
By the same kind master, and eagerly sought
In the faces there for one who was kind
To whom I would trust her! My eyes were blind
With my unshed tears when at last I spied
A figure noble and dignified,
With such serious eyes and a voice so mild—
But he bought me, and I lost sight of the child——

Geronimo

[*To herself.*]

Zorahayda. That was Juan Caro, name most dear.

Geronimo. Juan Caro! My father! He brought me
here.

To this very house, and for many a year
I served him and loved him, a willing slave;
And for all my service, his kind heart gave
My freedom, at last—and more beside—
He gave me the place of his son who had died
In his early youth, and filled my cup
With love and freedom, bringing me up
As a prince and a Christian, having me taught
As a noble of Spain his child. I sought
To please him, excelling with book and spear;
But my heart was unsatisfied, even here,
Till I found near the women's apartment one day——

Zorahayda. Thou didst find the child——

Geronimo. I found thee, yea!
And my heart was at rest as never before
Since, myself a child, I entered this door.
With thee I shared all my youthful hours,
To thee I devoted my new found powers,
With thee felt neither sorrow or need,
For thee my triumphs were triumphs indeed!

Geronimo

Zorahayda. Ah! more than that, Geronimo!
Through thee at first I learned to know
Thy Christian faith, so far above
All others, and thy God of love!
Deep as our friendship was in all
The little things of life we call
So dear, to me 'twas doubly sweet
With one of mine own kin to greet
The Blessed Virgin as the light
Of each new day dispelled the night;
To ease my heart of every care,
To raise with thee one common prayer
To our dear Lord; to tell the priest
Together of our sins, the least
And greatest, and to be forgiven
Together, and so led toward heaven.

Geronimo. Beloved, if our life has been
So truly one, dost thou begin
To weary of it? I have thought
When late mine eyes for thine have sought,
That thou wouldst turn away thine own;
The current of thy speech has grown
Less warm and friendly, as the streams
The travelers tell of, when the beams
Of the winter's sun are cold. I know
Thou art not less my friend. Not so
The Arab heart knows friendship's name!

Geronimo

And yet thou art not just the same—
What all the luxury to me
Of this dear home, my station free,
My soldier's name, and his kind thought
Whose loving care so greatly wrought
To bless us both, if all must end
In losing thee, my earliest friend—
For whom my love each day more strong
Has grown—that now I long
More than all else, with all my power
Of longing, for the blessed hour
That tells me thou art mine! O Sweet
And Beautiful! Here at thy feet
I kneel and offer all my heart,
All that I am and can be! All
That life contains of joy is small
And pitiful, unless thou give
This best of all, and bid me live
Indeed in love for thee!

[JUAN CARO, *coming across the courtyard, stops by
the fountain with evident pleasure in the scene.*

Zorahayda. I bid
Thee live, Geronimo! I hid
My love, that otherwise betrayed
Itself too soon, feeling afraid
To let thee see how dear thou art.

Geronimo

But now I tell thee, all my heart,
My very self is thine!

[*They embrace.*]

Both. O Love! Thou language of pure delight
My heart its story of passion deep
In thy sweet accents would fain recite!

Zorahayda. Mine eyes with tremulous joy must weep

Both. In the new-found glory of love's sweet might

Geronimo. With surging fire my pulses leap!

Both. O Blessed Virgin! In thy light
Of wondrous love, we pray thee keep
And bless all loving hearts to-night!

Juan Caro. O Children I have loved as mine own,
I doubt not ye are heard,
And the Great Mother, standing by the throne
Repeats the prayerful word.

My prayers I add that ye may be blessed
Through all the coming years;
And now may I depart to my long rest
Untroubled by my fears.

Geronimo

For long have I desired that ye two
Through love might be as one;
But nought that seemed to force it could I do
That were not best undone.

Thou, Zorahayda, as my daughter grew
Beneath my watchful care;
Thine eyes, Geronimo, my long-lost child looked through,
Thee have I made mine heir.

And thus my cherished plans for all this length
Of weary waiting time,
Are perfect in the union of thy strength
With womanhood's full prime.

[He joins their hands; to GERONIMO more particularly,

Geronimo, the Captain of the Guard
Has been recalled to Spain——
I make thee Captain in his stead.

[ZORAHAYDA flings her arms about CARO's neck and kisses him.

'Tis a high honor for so young a head
To carry, but thy brain
Is tried in council as thy hand in war.

Geronimo

Embrace me once, my son!
Once let me strain
That manly form to this old heart——
'Tis mine own boy come back again,
With all the pride of warriors
Battling afresh in every vein——

And now go forth, acquaint the men
Of their new head; I say not "gain
Their trust," for that thou hast
Long since. We'll meet again
At vespers.

Geronimo. My Father! Bless me ere I go!
Tell me again thou'rt pleased!
Tell me how best my life can show
My love and gratitude!

My thoughts with keenest joy o'erflow,
My longings, all appeased,
Bid me express my thanks—I know
No word for gratitude!

I can but promise thee to grow
What in thy son had pleased
Thy father's pride—my life shall so
Be proof of gratitude!

[Kneels and is blessed; then to ZORAHAYDA:]

Geronimo

Farewell a little hour!
My life, my joy!
Didst thou cling to thy dead mother
When heartless men would carry thee away
To cruel slavery?
So would I hold thee
Tight to my breast
And let nothing part us!
I thank our friend and father
For his generous love!
I thank thee for loving me,
More than my words can say!
Together at vespers
Let us offer grateful praises
To God above—
Farewell, a little hour,
My Beautiful, my Love!

[CARO to ZORAHAYDA, as GERONIMO turns to go.

CARO. How his strong young life
Has twined itself with mine
I can not tell!
Oh! if I should lose him!

[SPANISH GUARD comes up in disorder shouting.
GERONIMO flings wide the doors and goes to
meet them; they surround him and carry him
away singing.

Geronimo

Guard. Geronimo! Captain!
Hail to our Captain! Hail to our comrade!
Who's shared all our trials, our joy and our grief!
We loyally pledge him our love and devotion.
Hail to our comrade! Hail to our chief!

[CARO and ZORAHAYDA stand just within the doorway; then CARO takes her face between his hands, gazes long into it, and asks:

Caro. O Zorahayda, dost thou love him?

[*She, in tears, flings herself upon his neck, crying out:*

Zorahayda. My Father!

END OF SCENE 1.

SCENE 2. *Entire stage occupied by cathedral interior, placed slightly diagonally, altar at farthest end, choir stalls either side; worshipers look away from stage. Several come in and take places; then CARO and ZORAHAYDA with some of her maidens. Choir in place and priest at altar.*

Priest (Ant.) Tecum principium in die virtutis tuæ in splendoribus sanctorum: ex utero ante luciferum genui te.

[ZORAHAYDA sits half turned, watching for GERONIMO. Boys' voices chant softly:

Geronimo

Dixit Dominus Domino meo: sede a dextris meis
Donec poniam inimicos tuos: scabellum pedum tuorum.
Virgam virtutis mittit Dominus ex Sion: dominare in medio
inimicorum tuorum.

Tecum principium in die virtutis tuæ in splendoribus sanctorum: ex utero ante luciferum genui te.

*With the words, "Tecum principium," GERONIMO
has entered and taken his seat by ZORAHAYDA.
Full organ.*

Juravit Dominus et non pœnitebit eum: tu es sacerdos in
eternum secundum ordinem Melchisedech.

Dominus a dextris tuis: confregit in die iræ suæ reges.

Judicabit in nationibus implevit ruinas: conquassabit capita
in terra multorum.

De torrente in via bibet: propterea exaltabit capita.

Gloria Patri Filioque et Spiritui Sancto: sicut primo et
nunc et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

(*Ant.*) Sede a dextris meis dixit Dominus Domino meo.

(*Cap.*) Stephanus plenus gratia et fortitudine faciebat prodigia et signa magna in populo. Et intuebantur vultum ejus tanquam vultum angeli stantis inter illos.

(*R.*) Impetum fecerunt unanimes in eum et ejecerunt eum extra civitatem, invocantem et dicentem, Domine, accipe spiritum meum.

Geronimo

[*This response by solo voice, Decani side; the following Verses by all Decani:*

(V.) Gloria Deo Patri summo ejusque soli sibi regi nato:
ac utriusque Spiritui Sancto: sicut erat in primo, et
nunc et semper et in sæcula. Amen.

[*A capella.*]

(Hymnus.) Sancte Dei preciose protomartyr Stephane,
Qui virtute charitatis circumfultus undique;
Dominum pro inimico exorasti populo.

Funde preces pro devoto tibi nunc collegio;
Ut tuo propiciatus interventu Dominus
Nos purgatis a peccatis jungat cœli civibus.

Gloria et honor Deo usquequo altissimo,
Uno Patri Filioque Inclito Paraclito,
Cui laus est et potestas per æterna sæcula. Amen.

(V.) Justus germinabit sicut lilium: et florebit in æternum
ante Dominum.

[*Enter messenger R. He stands and crosses himself, kneels for prayer; then waves hand and someone near CARO attracts his attention. CARO comes out; meanwhile a fine solo voice sings the Justus germinabit, very softly.*

Geronimo

Messenger. The Arabs come!
Without the city camped
They lie in wait like locusts!
They wait for Euldji Ali——

[CARO *stops him with a motion of the hand, nods to GERONIMO, who comes out. ZORAHAYDA starts to follow, but resumes her seat and watches them.*

(*Ant.*) Patefactæ sunt janux cœli Christi martyri beato Stephano; qui in numero sanctorum inventus est primus et ideo triumphat in cœlis coronatus. Alleluya!

[*Full organ and choir. CARO about to speak, but GERONIMO lays his hand on his arm and all listen to the inspired message. GERONIMO kneels during the singing till the Alleluya. Soft organ interlude. CARO gives sign to messenger.*

Messenger. There to the south but ten miles out
The Arabs gather, robber chief
And desert tribesman, city thief
And mountain shepherd, all are met,
While Euldji Ali gathers yet
The distant tribes of south and east,
To watch the city walls. Released
But now from the cruel band
They bade me tell thee they demand——

Geronimo

[CARO, *anxious to make light of it, and yet alarmed:*

Caro. Peace, peace! Depart, and find
Rest and refreshment with the guard. [*Exit messenger.*]

[*To GERONIMO.*]

'Twill scatter them like drops of morning dew
To send a few stout men against this foe!
This man tells all he fears; were half but true
They had not let the trembling coward go!

[*Returns to seat by ZORAHAYDA. GERONIMO paces
thoughtfully up and down while the Magnificat
is chanted.*

Choir. Magnificat: anima mea Dominum
Et exultavit spiritus meus: in Deo salutari meo.
Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ: ecce enim ex hoc
beatam me dicent omnes generationes.
Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est: et sanctum nomen
tuum.
Et misericordia a progenie in progenies: timentibus eum.
Fecit potentiam in brachio suo: dispersit superbos mente
cordis sui.
Deposuit potentes de sede: et exaltavit humiles.
Esurientes implevit bonis: et divites dimisit inanes.
Suscepit Israel puerum suum: recordatis misericordiæ suæ;
Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros: Abraham et seminem
ejus in sæcula.

Geronimo

Gloria Patri Filioque et Spiritui Sancto: sicut primo et nunc et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

(*Oratio.*) Da nobis, quæsumus, Domine, imitari quod colimus et inimicos deligere, quia ejus natabilia celebramus, qui novit etiam pro persecutoribus exorare Dominum Jesum Christum Filium Tuum: qui Tecum vivit et regnit in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

[*During the Oratio GERONIMO on his knees, right front. The priest gives his blessing, the worshippers rapidly disperse, priest and choir file out left front, the tapers on the altar are extinguished. CARO and ZORAHAYDA come out last to join GERONIMO.*

Zorahayda. Geronimo! My Father! What is this
That casts its heavy shadow o'er my love?
My heart is anxious, why I cannot tell;
The glowing stars which in the sky above
Steal forth so quickly, pierce me with a light
That seems but to display a coming woe:
And strange forebodings fill my heart to-night;
Tell me the danger, dear Geronimo.

CARO. Nay, daughter, 'tis a trifle. We have heard
That near the gates some Bedouin Arabs camp,
A petty band of robbers; though the tale

Geronimo

One messenger has brought would seem to show
That near and far the tribes are gathering
With Euldji Ali for their leader, soon
To make a last attack upon the town
And shatter finally their allied strength.
'Tis many years since any band of them
Has dared to show itself so near; they grow
More daring, and behooves we break their power,
Cripple, disorder and disperse the band
Before their general with other hordes
Of those wild children of the desert wastes
Combine with these and give us more to do.
Let us but scatter this small handful now;
The greater host will see we're well prepared
And watchful, and give o'er their plan.

Geronimo, as Captain of the Guard,
Send out some fifty men and drive them off.
Let Chico take command; I hear he says
He should have had your captaincy; if so
He'll show his valor now more splendidly.

Geronimo. 'Tis but one reason more that I should go!
I'll take a dozen men against this band
And kill or capture them as easily
As Chico with his fifty could have done!

[Standing before GERONIMO and addressing him.]

Zorahayda. If I have found much favor in thine eyes,

Geronimo

If any grace or virtue dwell in me
That seems as 'twere thy manhood's ornament,
If in past days our love have made us glad
And yet less happy than our future love,
I pray thee, dearest Friend, go not thyself
Against this Arab band! In former wars
Thy hand and brain have given them cause for hate
Beyond all other thirst their natures feel,
And should they take thee—Oh! my heart is sick
At thought of cruel torture they would use,
To kill thee by so often cheating death!

Geronimo. Ask me not that, my Zorahayda! See,
If I refuse to go my men will say
That I have grown afraid, or mean to take
My comfort now in sloth while others fight.
Chico will justly say he should have had
The place I hold, for nought would make him stay
Sitting at home while others won the fight.
But more than all, my duty were not done;
There's no reproach for soldiers worse than that!
Suppose the Arabs take me—I can die——
A soldier always puts his life in risk
When he sets foot upon the battlefield;
And though he come safe home again, he gives
His life as truly for his country's sake
As if the hostile steel had shed his blood.
And as his country honors him therefor,

Geronimo

So he dishonors self and native land,
Manhood, his calling, yea and life itself,
If he prove recreant to such high trust!

Zorahayda. Ah! But thou goest not as stripling boy
Who needs to prove his father's pride well placed,
And fight with bravery far beyond his years.
Who dares to say thou art not brave and strong,
True to thy duty, honor's very soul!
'Tis for my sake thou'lt stay. I do not plead
Thine added value for the city's strength
Now thou art Captain of the Spanish Guard,
Nor any thought of safety for thyself,
Nor new found comfort in my loving arms:
But only that thou grant me this first wish
My heart has known since our betrothal vows.
My soul is burdened with prophetic fears;
I know that if thou go 'tis to thy death!
Ask me not how I know it; 'tis enough
That my whole being surges with the thought!
Thou wilt not grant it? Then this other prayer;
Hear this at least, thou canst not well refuse!
Stay but this night. Let the dark hours pass
Between thy strong determination and thy deed;
Then, if thou must, myself shall place the spear
In thy dear hand, and bid thee go with God.

Geronimo. Thou dost but tempt me from my duty, Sweet.

Geronimo

'Tis love, but love perverted, makes thee speak!
Knowing the worth of all I risk thereby,
My love for thee undimmed, yea! brighter far
That 'tis my duty thus to hazard it;
Looking before me to the coming years
When thou canst say with joyous, loving pride,
"He did not fear to risk his very life,
When life was full of yet untasted joys"—
I still must answer both requests
With a fond lover's kisses, but a soldier's "No!"

[ZORAHAYDA *falls half fainting*; GERONIMO *puts her*
in CARO's arms and watches them off the stage,
left; then exit right.

END OF ACT I.

Geronimo

ACT II.

SCENE 1. *Arab camp in the desert; half a dozen tents irregularly placed; near at hand lie arms, clothing, camel saddles. One sentry front, apparently asleep, no other signs of Arabs near the tents, but far at the back a horde of them half buried in the sand, a head lifted at times. Absolutely flat sand plain. With a shout—*

Sant' Iago! Sant' Iago!

[GERONIMO and ten men rush on stage; sentry fires and retreats. Arab or two out of each tent, and great strife and tumult. Cries of—

Allah illah Allah! Sant' Iago!
God and the King! Allah, Allah!

[Arabs bunch and retreat, rear center; others, up to this time concealed, rush in from sides. GERONIMO and his men form back to back, GERONIMO thus turning his face to front of stage. A shout:

Geronimo

Geronimo! 'Tis Geronimo!

[Fiercer attacks directed to him especially, some crying—

Down with him!

[A voice.]

Spare him for Ali!

[Many voices.]

Take him prisoner!

[Sudden rush made, GERONIMO overpowered, the others of his band killed, except one who escapes to the city. GERONIMO brought front, his wound roughly bound, water offered which he drinks eagerly. He is permitted to sit at the foot of a tent. Distant Arab music; the men shout—

Ali! Here is Ali!

[Some go out to meet him. GERONIMO tries to stand; he is helped to his feet. Enter ALI, gorgeous in Arab costume; stands regarding GERONIMO, who meets his gaze steadily.

Ali. At last, O Christian dog! My foe of years!
Thou pitiable slave! Thou favorite

Geronimo

And petted plaything of a Spanish lord!
At last I have thee in my power!

*[Strikes him with whip; murmurs among the
Arabs, which cease as ALI looks threateningly
round.]*

How did they let thee lead these men
Who risked and lost their lives so foolishly?
Art thou entrusted with some small command?
Hast thou so fawned about Juan Caro's knee
That he has raised thee from the ranks? Perhaps
He's married thee to some fat Spanish girl.
Ha! That provokes thee! Makes thee bite thy lip,
Chases the color from thy baby cheeks—
When I have sacked the town I'll seek her out
And if she's pretty, take her for my slave.

*[Slaps his face with each open hand, right and left;
GERONIMO falls. ALI leaves him, beckons to a
couple of officers and they confer aside for a
few minutes. To all his men—]*

Ali. Men! We have captured
And hold as prisoner
Geronimo, captain
Of Juan Caro's army.
Without him their power
Is gone; we may leave them

Geronimo

And return at our leisure.
This prisoner we'll carry
To Fez. Send fleet horsemen
To tell all the tribesmen
We've caught the arch traitor
And how he was captured:
Bid them assemble
At Fez for his judgment
One month from the present.

[Several messengers depart. Turning to GERONIMO.]

Thou shalt have such care and food
As shall keep thee well enough
For our journey back to Fez—
Well thou knowest what that means!
There before the gathered tribes,
In the stronghold of the faith,
Thou shalt learn what tortures wait
For the coward Christian slave.
When at last thou'rt overwhelmed,
Dying, thou shalt suffer most
Thinking of thy friends. My hate
Shall pursue them, and work out
On their loved heads the overcharge
Of scorn and loathing thy poor self
Art far too small to expiate!

[Spurns him with his foot. To his soldiers—]
Up, men! Strike camp! The dawn is gray,

Geronimo

And long the road that stretches out
Between this waste and distant Fez!

[Tents quickly down and packed; Arab music; they depart.]

END OF SCENE 1.

SCENE 2. *Prison. GERONIMO in rags, chained to a block of stone by band round waist, rings on wrist with chain between; he is discovered sitting on the stone L.*

Geronimo. Three weeks! Three weeks! And what a life of pain!

A hot and weary journey from the coast
To these great hills, at length, and the valley town
Of ancient Fez! And yet the soldiers said
I bore it bravely, and in their rough way
Showed me some little kindnesses, and plied
Their useless arguments to make me turn
From loving Christ to follow their Mahmoud!
And since I came here they have chained me fast
Because they said I was a Christian dog,
And tortured me with hunger, thirst and blows—
They make my body weak, but not my mind!
My God, I still do love thee and defeat their hopes!

[Footsteps and the grating of a lock; enter three Imaums and the jailor; the latter soon retires.]

Geronimo

First Imaum. Geronimo! For many weary days
Thy body has known pain and want, thy mind
Anxiety and loneliness, far worse
For one like thee to bear than any pain:
All thou endurest bravely, proving thus
Thy manhood, as so often in the fight.
And yet thou knowest how 'twill end. Thy pride
Can never save thee from a cruel death.
One month thou hadst to wait, until the tribes
Could all be summoned to assemble here;
That month is nearly gone—so is thy strength!
Canst thou endure the torture while thy foes
Wait to re-echo thy least moan of pain
In cries of hoarse delight from thousand throats?
Yet one more chance is given: Ali sends
Us three as messengers to bid thee live.
Say but the few short words that give thee back
To thy first Moslem faith, and we command
Thy jailor to release thee, and thou'rt free!

[*Exit jailor.*]

It is not hard! Dost thou believe in God?
We worship Him as well; revere the names
Of Abraham and Moses, David, Noah,
And Isa ben Maryama; we but add
The name of one more prophet to the list.
Art thou too stubborn to accept of him?
Didst thou have riches with thy Spanish friends,

Geronimo

Cattle and wives and power over men—
All these in more abundance shall be thine!

[GERONIMO *only shakes his head sadly, saying nothing.*

Second Imaum. What name along the coast
Did men repeat with praise?
Who leads his valiant host
Now, in these latter days?
Geronimo is dead,
No other takes his place.
The palm tree lifts its head
Each spring in lovelier grace;
But once a man shall die
And vanish utterly.

Unconquered in the fight,
In council wise and true,
He was a man of might
And yet his years were few.
All that he ever did
Of wise or strong or bold,
Was nought to what was hid
In coming years of gold—
But that he willed to die
And vanished utterly!

He chose a traitor's death
And fills a traitor's grave;

Geronimo

His fame was but a breath,
His honor who can save?
Coward instead of chief;
Foe instead of friend;
Torture without relief;
Disgraceful, bitter end—
Thus did he choose to die
And vanish utterly!

[A pause; then threateningly advances,

Third Imaum. Still silent, Oh unhappy man!
But one more week and thou shalt know
All the full power of Ali's hate.
O I could tear thee here and now
With longing fingers, but 'twill serve
A better purpose with the chiefs
All gathered round, and rank on rank
Of Arab warriors placed behind,
That years to come shall hold no scene
To tell of like to this, when meets
This traitor coward his just death!
Call on thy priest to save thee then;
Pray to thy saints, or hold thy peace
As now, and think of judgment day.

All Three Imaums. When the sun hides his face

And the stars glide down;
When the mountains fall

Geronimo

And the sea boils hot;
When wild beasts gather,
And the camels wander
Alone beyond camp bounds;
When soul joins body,
And buried babes cry
“ For what did they slay me? ”
When the great books open
And the heavens vanish,
And hell burns fiercest—
Then let thy soul know
How thou art cursed!
Vile dog of a Christian!
Renegade! Traitor!

[They go out; the door is locked; the footsteps die away.]

Geronimo. Three weeks of living death!
O let the end come ere my strength depart!
My God, each passing breath
But brings me nearer to thy loving heart!
Grant that I firmly hold
To thy dear hand, O Mother of my Lord,
And I shall then be bold
A little while, and death be my reward!

[Falls on his knees in prayer.]

END OF SCENE 2.

Geronimo

SCENE 3.—*Unfinished wall and gateway of Bu Djelud, a palace between the two parts of the city. MICHEL and several Arab workmen building at the wall, very slowly. MICHEL wears some chains.*

Chorus of masons. When Edris built the walls of Fez
He put a Christian
Under each gatepost
And the walls stood firm.

Since then every wall in Fez
Has stood on a Christian—
We need one for this wall
Or it won't stand firm.

Michel. Yusuf, bring pitch and sand
To mix in my trough.

[They are brought and he mixes them with a rude trowel, stopping at times to watch his men.]

Ah me! Geronimo, my fellow prisoner!

Chorus of masons. Michel, you Spaniard,
Find us a Christian,
Or we may have to use you
To make the walls firm.

Geronimo

Michel. Stronger than I and wiser,
I love and honor thee;
And yet what fate awaits thee
In thy fidelity!
Have all these weeks of sorrow
Weakened thy noble soul?
Wilt thou be strong t' endure it?
My tears in pity roll——

[*To the workmen.*]

Hurry, men! Ali will be coming
And order the bastinado
When he sees so little finished!
Yusuf, bring stone and chisel!

[*They are brought and he begins to carve in silence.*]

Chorus of masons. Here's a new wall and gateway
And Fez has no Christian
To make the big stones stand
Steady and firm.

[*Enter ALI in deep thought.*]

Ali. What shall I do to break that haughty pride
That scorns my every effort, fears me not,
Although I've plied the torture, hunger, thirst,

Geronimo

And all the usual arts that melt strong men
And render them like clay beneath my hand?
First I must punish him before the tribes
For being recreant from the Moslem faith;
That's well enough for them—but for myself
There's hate to pay which needs no alien weight
From the mad zeal of these religious fools.
“ Fez has no Christian ”—what was that, you slaves,
Your brazen throats were bawling as I came along?

Chorus of masons. Edris built Fez
And the Djinns told him
To put a live Christian
Under each gatepost.

Ali. Ha! ha! I have it!
The very thing!
We'll have all the tribes here
In the early morning before the sun's hot,
And the whole long day
He'll be slowly dying in the post!
Edris and Ali build walls with Christians!
Michel, leave the gatepost,
We'll complete it to-morrow—
And you, fellow prisoner,
Fellow Christian, shall do it!
O glorious plan, to make one
Kill the other in that way!

Geronimo

Stone him to death, I say,
Stone him to death! but slowly,
So as not to hurt him—
Ha! ha! Well thought of!
Come slaves—Ha! ha! Well thought of!

[Strikes MICHEL with a whip over the shoulders and goes off chuckling. The masons follow him. MICHEL throws himself on the ground and beats his head on the block he was carving.]

Michel. Oh, unhappy me!
Have I been brought from Spain
To work for these vile robbers
To bring so hard a death
Upon my only friend!
Geronimo! Geronimo!
Would thou hadst not been kind to me,
I might perhaps have done it then!
Oh dearest friend, Geronimo!
No other voice spoke kindly to me
Since first they brought me here, a lad.
I can not do thee harm!
I did not learn to build,
To carve the stones and place them,
For such a cruel use!
And oh! so fine a man!
Great warrior and thinker

Geronimo

As I could never be—
Why even Ali's soldiers
Say they would rather have him,
If he were only Moslem.
All love him when they see him,
Love and respect his courage,
His noble look, his prowess,
His strength and grace of body.

[*Enter ZORAHAYDA, travel stained and weary, with
old negress on whom she leans. MICHEL does
not see them; sobbing.*

Geronimo!

Zorahayda. Who spoke that well loved name?
What of Geronimo?
Tell me, kind friend, I seek him
For many a weary day;
With only this old servant
I've traveled all the way
From distant Oran, city
Of Spanish power and pride—
Oh! if you've any pity—
I was to be his bride,
But he, alas! forsook me
To fight his country's foe.
All of his men were slaughtered

Geronimo

But one; from him I know
That he was brought by Ali
To Fez. I stole away
With but this faithful woman—
But many things delay
Two feeble women, heat
By day and cold by night;
And always traveled with me
The fear that Ali might
Ere this have killed him. Say
He is not dead and take my load away!

Michel. He is not dead, dear lady,
A prisoner still, and weak
With many a prison hardship,
The man whom thou dost seek
Still lives and bears thine image
Upon his suffering heart.

Zorahayda. O take me to him quickly!

Michel. Lady, I dare not.

Zorahayda. Knowest thou where they keep him?

Michel. Ali would spare not
To lift his awful power
'Gainst thy young life too,
If he should learn thy presence.

Geronimo

Zorahayda. Say what I shall do—
I fear not for my own life!

Michel. I can not help thee!
I'll tell him how thou'st traveled
Across these sand plains,
These hills and mountain gorges;
'Twill ease his heart pains.
And when the morning's first rays
O'er Fez shall hover,
Meet Ali with his men here,
Plead for thy lover.
Perchance his cruel heart thou
Canst cause to soften——

[*Exit greatly agitated.*]

Zorahayda. O Mary, Mother of God,
Help thy poor child to-night!
Watch over him I love—
And with the morning light
Bring hope to both our hearts,
Our loving hands unite
Once more on earth.

[*Exit*]

END OF ACT II.

Geronimo

ACT III.

SCENE 1. GERONIMO, *in deep thought, sitting on block to which he is chained. Enter MICHEL, who stands at the door and regards him compassionately. GERONIMO lifts his head and sings—*

Geronimo. Thou Saint Stephen, protomartyr, precious in
God's holy sight,
Who didst shine in heavenly radiance, since in Love's super-
nal might,
Like thy Saviour, thou couldst utter for thine enemies a
prayer,
Pray with power for thy servant who for death must soon
prepare.
That my God may look upon me, hear thine interceding love,
Pardon all my sins and take me soon to dwell in heaven
above.
And to God Supreme be honor and the glory evermore;
God the Father, Son and Spirit, Three in One, whom we
adore,
Whose are wisdom, love and power, ever and forevermore!

Michel. Dearest friend, thy hymn has cheered
My weak heart, for much I feared

Geronimo

My sad messages to bring.
Now that I have heard thee sing,
I may feel that thou canst bear
My dark tidings. But one prayer
I must make to thee before
I can wound thy heart so sore!
Tell me that thou wilt not blame
Thy poor friend Michel—the shame
Makes me tremble—thou dost know
That my poor heart loves thee so
Of myself I could not be
Source of added pain to thee!

Geronimo. Whate'er the sad thing be, Michel, be sure
I freely pardon thee beforehand, know
Thou art too much my friend to give me pain—
And so speak calmly.

Michel. Oh I can not tell
The awful thing!

Geronimo. Then must I help thee say
What thy friend's love forbids—to-day
Thou'st learned that Ali has decided on the time
When he shall kill me, and 'tis very soon;
Is that thy story?

Michel. Oh but the manner of it!
The way the brute has chosen!

Geronimo

Geronimo. Tell me that,
And see how firm my mind is. Have no fear.

Michel. To-day my men and I were set to work
Upon the wall of Bu Djelud; they sang
Some horrid song of Edris—how the Djinns
Had said the walls would never stand, unless—
Oh it is horrible!—unless for each
A living Christian were walled up!

Geronimo. Alive!

Michel. Alive! And Ali chancing to pass by
Heard the vile song——

[Breaks down and sobs.

Geronimo. Now leave me, good Michel;
I must a little steel my heart to bear
The worst that Ali's hate can bid him do.
But tell me first, when said he I must die?

Michel. To-morrow, as the day begins to dawn,
In the full presence of the gathered tribes——

Geronimo. So soon!

Geronimo

Michel. Alas! The worst I still have hid!—
'Tis my hand—O Geronimo, my friend!
He said I was a Christian too—forgive!

[Throws himself at GERONIMO's feet.

I am not strong and young as thou, and death
Looks horrible to me; and in his hands
I am as helpless as a babe! Forgive,
Forgive thy fellow prisoner, if the dawn
Disclose how weak his strongest love must prove
In terrors only thy strong soul can bear!

*[Geronimo has hid his face in his hands; he keeps
his position in silence.*

Michel. Geronimo! Thou wilt forgive me!

Geronimo. Yes!
I had forgiven thee ere thou didst speak.

[Gives him his hand, which MICHEL grasps eagerly.

[After a pause.]

Michel. I hear that Ali's soldiers wish to make
Thee chief instead of him, if thou wilt turn
And be once more a Moslem, as at first.

[Aside.]

Geronimo

Now shall I tell him Zorahayda's here;
That I have seen and spoken with her; seen
How strong and beautiful her soul must be,
How strong and pure her love, since all is writ
In lovely grace upon her fearless brow;
That she has bravely journeyed with one slave
From distant Oran! I would comfort him,
But fear 'twill add a poison to his wounds
To tell him she no longer dwells in peace,
Securely in her father's house, but here
For his dear sake shares danger like his own!
I can not further try him! Oh my friend,
I'm old and weak—would I were brave like thee! [Exit.

[After a pause, GERONIMO throws himself on his knees, restlessly moving his arms, grasping at the edges of the stone; suddenly he smites it with his clenched fist, crying out—

One more short night! And all the length of it
I still must stare this horror in the face!
I'll meet it like a man, not a chained slave!

[Rising, he wraps body chain about the projecting ring in the block of stone, grasps the chain at the body ring, throwing his weight back again and again; at last, with a cry and a mighty effort, he snaps the chain at the body ring; falls and lies resting a few moments.

Geronimo

Now these hateful things! Give me my arms again!
There was a time I could have broken them!

[Clears ring in block and wraps the chain between his hands about it, in such a way that his right hand is close to the stone; then, striving, pulls his right hand through; clenches and opens it a few times. He rewinds the chain and repeats for the left hand; it will not come through; grasping his left hand firmly in his right, with a quick jerk he snaps the chain close to the left wrist; pulls down sleeve and pushes the ring up over it to the fleshy part of the arm. Stretches and sits down to rest.]

They hope to move me by their bribes and threats!
Thinking these weeks of suffering have so sapped
My strength of mind that I can weakly cease
To love the God whose strength alone it is
That gives me power to bear all steadfastly!
And now the final hour approaches, and all pain
Of body, mind and soul shall so unite
That only God can make my triumph sure!

What fear shall frighten me! 'twill be release,
After short culminating agony;
And then all sorrow shall be done away!

[Rises and begins to pace up and down, with frequent pauses.]

Geronimo

And yet 'tis not too late, for Michel says
That if to-morrow I give up my faith,
They'll make me head of all this warrior race—
Ha! if I wait in patience for a while
How many chances of escape I'd find!
At last perhaps to join my friends once more!
Escape! Ah, that would mean my father's house
The Guard I've served in since my early youth
And only lately led in sole command,
And, better far than safety, place, or fame,
O Zorahayda! thy great love again!
O Sweet! Not yet my wife! And for thy sake
Now in this lonely hour I can rejoice
It is not so! What wilt thou say and do
When I come back to thee never again!—
After thy solemn warning, which my pride
Kept me from heeding! For with all my strength,
Thou'rt wiser far than I, and hast the power
To read the future in prophetic love.
Thou mayest already picture me as dead;
And all too soon—nay, even now 'tis true!

Oh, how I loved thee—as a growing boy
Worships the one bright image of his soul;
And how my love grew steadily with my years;
And when my father gave me, as his son,
Freedom to roam the palace halls at will,
How my demanding soul discovered thee

Geronimo

And felt with added clearness all its need!
And more and more we shared our eager lives,
And every breath kept thee alive for me,
And every breath I drew but gave me power
To love thee more! The longing of those years
I was so proud I could not yet reveal;
But when at last I told thee all my love
How nobly didst thou hear it, with the grace
And truth which make thee peerless! Oh my joy, my life!
And soon we had been one——

But if I love
Thy truth and beauty, dost thou value less
My honor and my soldier's loyalty?
If to an earthly foe I should betray
An earthly leader, even to save my life,
Couldst thou then love me? And if I betray
The very God I taught thee first to know,
How righteously thy love would turn to scorn!

O God, if love for all I lose should overcome
My feebleness, I pray thee take away
My mind in mercy, that I may not do
This treachery—I pray for light
In the midst of scorn and persecution—
And grace, that I be steadfast through the worst
That man may do to me—Thy love is more
Than life to me—Grant that I be not tried
Too long, for I am very weak!

Geronimo

But that Thy love is true I were o'erwhelmed
In horrible despair!
Though tortures wring
Tears from these eyes
That have despised weeping,
Still give them no dominion over me!
O hear my cry in the night and kill me now!
I am not able to endure it!

O let me live, that I may show
How Thou dost love Thine own.

I see this power broken, and the ignorant zeal
Of these fierce men illumined by Thy love;
So that the desert sand plains blossom forth
With the beauteous flowers of Thy holiness;
I see my death but as a step toward that;
I see not how—O fill me with calm joy
That Thou hast chosen me!
Christ pardon my sins!
I am not worthy!

Break heart of flesh with all thy human pain!
O heart of God, beat in this bosom now!
That no pain make me cling to mortal life
Through shrinking dread of thine immortal death.
Be Thou, O God, the strength of my soul!

Geronimo

All that I love to Thy dear hands I leave
For Thou alone canst care for them and me!

Now must I sleep, that on the morrow
I be not weaker than the morrow's trial.

*[Addresses himself to sleep. A large cross glows
for a moment at the back of the stage.]*

END OF SCENE 1.

SCENE 2. *Early dawn before the unfinished gateway of
Bu Djelud. MICHEL and a few Arabs hurriedly pre-
paring the post for GERONIMO, leaving a niche into
which he can be put with but four or five blocks needed
to cover him.*

Michel. O noble soul! O more than man, to sleep
So calmly on the night before thy death!
O how thy face did glow with heaven's light
When I awoke thee for this wretched deed
My hands must work! One kindness still is mine,
An evil kindness; yet 'twill foil in part
The lingering pain of Ali's cruel plan!
For I have filled my trough with pitch;
At the last moment I shall pour it in
And quickly end the life that else had spent
The long hot day in dying misery!

Geronimo

I can not save thee. I can not refuse
To do this thing at Ali's harsh command;
But I can make thy suffering short and quick—
And if it's wicked, God will pardon me!

[Arab bands, distinguished by dress and arms, file in from each side and form so that a clear space is left in the middle; the chiefs in front, on each side. Arab music. ALI enters with his body-guard.]

Ali. Michel, is all prepared?

[MICHEL bows his head. Without stopping to let him answer, ALI inspects the niche.]

Go, some of you, and bring Geronimo!

[Two Arabs depart and bring GERONIMO from back through gateway, the jailor leading and the Arabs following.]

Ali. Who took thy fetters off?

Geronimo. A man thinks best when all his limbs are free;
I took them off to ease my mind last night.

[Scowling at him, and lashing himself into fury as he speaks.]

Geronimo

Ali. O how I hate thee!
In our youth we met
In war, and every time
By luck or accident
Thou wert the victor.
I have vowed revenge and waited
All these long years,
My hate feeding upon itself;
Robbing my life of peace;
Till in my power, at last,
I have thee safely mine!
And all the sleepless nights
I've spent in plotting ways
Of putting thee to death;
And all the angry days
When thy good luck has saved thee,
Are more than paid for now!
I'd not abate one part
Of baffled hate and scorn
Thou'st caused me! My revenge
Is greater now than all!
That other Christian coward
Shall save my hand the stain
Of touching thee. To-morrow
We march again to Oran.
Thy father and thy mistress
We'll bring across the desert,
And here in Fez we'll treat them

Geronimo

To death like thine, or worse!
Dost know, thou miserable one,
That I have power to kill thee?
Dost thou not hear me speak
That thou standest with blank staring eyes,
Saying never a word!

[Draws sword and threatens to kill him.]

Nay, I have saved thee
For slower death than this,
Of which thou art not worthy!
All the hot day long
Thou wilt die in that wall;
And thy thoughts shall drive thee mad first,
And thou'lt moan for water
With parched and blackened tongue——
Hast thou nought to say?
Dost thou fear me not at all?

[Stepping out from the throng—]

An aged Arab. Ali, stay thy hand!
For all the gathered tribes I speak——

[To Geronimo.]

Geronimo, thou'rt Arab, like us all,
A mighty warrior, true as the stars in heaven;

Geronimo

If thou wilt yet turn to thy boyhood's faith
Thou shalt be head and leader of us all
Instead of Ali. Knowing we can trust
Thy loyal bravery and thy gentle strength,
The elders offer this and so we all decide.
If thou refuse, 'tis just that thou shouldst die

[*To Ali.*]

But we forbid all needless cruelty
Or insult to that fearless man of men!

[*Aside, watching Geronimo's face anxiously.*]

Ali. Oh inmost soul of hate!
Oh rage, a thousand lives
Could not appease by dying!
Will he hear at last?
Is he fool enough to die now?
Oh if thou dost accept
My hand shall kill thee
Though I die myself
By the weapons of these fools!
Chief instead of me!
Of me, Ali!
Oh, base-born! Oh, slave!
Oh, rooted in thy folly!
I shall go mad with loathing!

Geronimo

Geronimo. Ali, mine enemy! I pity and forgive
The wretched soul that drives thee mad with utter hate.
Thou'rt Spaniard born, and so Arab thou ne'er canst be;
Thou'rt Christian born, and now lovest Mahmoud no more
Than I, who die alone because I follow Christ;
Thou'rt far from truth and honor, so thou dost despise
All constancy in other men; thou hast no love
For any living thing, and so hast love from none.
My former wars with thee have changed the generous hate
A soldier feels to fierce malignant thirst for blood!
I'll not deny my God for any earthly thing,
Not even to lead these men to future victories!
Do with me as thou wilt. Thou hast the power. But know
God will require my life soon at thy godless hands.
Knowing that thou canst feel but awful fear of death,
I pity thee, forgive thee, and pray God to forgive——

Ali. Away with him!
Bind him and build him into the wall!

*[He is seized, bound, and placed in the niche.
MICHEL quickly puts up one or two large stones,
which nearly conceal him. ZORAHAYDA rushes
on stage. Casts herself at his feet.]*

Zorahayda. Ali! Where is my lover?
Tell me thou hast not killed him!
Tell me what price thou askest;

Geronimo

Were it the greatest ransom
Ever yet asked for captive,
My father will pay thee.
Oh let him go free!
I'll serve thee as thy slave
And never ask to see him
Again, but live and labor
In joy that I have saved him!

Ali. There is thy lover.

[Pointing to gate; she tries to go to him.]

Zorahayda. Geronimo!

Ali. Seize her, men!

*[Two Arabs catch her by the arms and make as if
to carry her away.]*

Nay, let her stay,
'Tis all I needed to complete
My triumph! Let her watch him die!

Zorahayda. Oh Ali! Kind and generous Ali!
Take me and kill me.
Let me die in his place!
See, I offer thee myself

Geronimo

And all that woman holds most dear,
And makes her not ashamed to look
In the face of other women——

Ali. Thou'rt in my power now!
I swore I'd take thee
And use thee as I pleased
Or spurn thee. Tell me not
Of what thou'lt offer!
No word of mine
Shall set him free again.

Zorahayda. Let me embrace him once!
We parted so sadly!
Let me hear him say
That he forgives and loves me—
Then treat me as thou wilt——

*[Tears herself loose and tries to run to GERONIMO
but is caught and dragged back. After a
struggle she controls herself.]*

O dearest friend! O dear Geronimo!
I can but bid thee pray and trust in God!
Forget me and our human love, and look
On Him who loved enough to give himself
To die for sinful man; and thou canst know
A joy like His in dying for thy faith!

Geronimo

Look on the Son of Mary! Show these men
How real and glorious is the Christian's hope!

Michel. His hope is blessed certainty, for God
Has taken him. O God, accept my thanks!

*[He puts the last block in place and conceals GERON-
IMO completely.]*

[To ALI, while he covers before her—

Zorahyda. O wretched enemy of truth!
Now do I know why I was filled
With that strong impulse to depart
And follow him I hold most dear!
God would not have me rob his Church
Of one more blessed martyr! No!
I came to save him—I rejoice
That now I soon shall join him there
Beyond all power of man to harm!
As God's appointed instrument
Of vengeance for this awful death,
I come and bid thee follow him!
The selfsame day we three shall stand
Before the judgment seat of God!
Death lays its hand upon my heart—
God, give me strength that I discharge
This, my last duty to the dead!

Geronimo

Ali. Help men! Take her!
She is mad with grief!

[She stabs ALI and falls dead.]

*[A large cross at the back of the stage burns brighter
and brighter; the heavens open and GERONIMO,
and ZORAHAYDA's double, ascend, as a heavenly
choir welcomes them with joyful music.]*

Symbols

[*From the Koran.*]

I saw the vine and the ivy,
In curling close embrace,
From a tomb strive ever upward
In strangling folds of grace.

I heard the sad life story
Of those who were buried there;
Of the woman with clinging passion;
Of the man, with passion to dare.

Of the pitiless human standard,
Setting Nature aside as Shame—
Of the souls, immortal, yearning,
It killed, since it could not tame.

Alas! How oft must it happen
Before the race shall be wise;
How long must empty Opinion
Require such sacrifice;
And the twining vine and the ivy
Be the symbols of Truth—made Lies!

Song

WEARY and spent with the fierce toil of life,
Alone and comfortless;
Seeing about me naught but care and strife;
My soul goes out in longing that I might possess
One grateful solace mid such deep distress.

Naught pleases me of earthly things this side the grave
Save one—'tis thou alone!
The honors and rewards for which men slave
All turn to dross in the enjoying, and the throne
Of kings I would not care to own.

So that thou grant me that for which I long—
Thyself, so sweet and pure—
Life's greatest trial and sorrow with a song
And uncomplaining I'll for thee endure—
Can I but feel thou art to me secure!

At First Sight

I saw her face one moment—'twas enough!
The passing throng soon carried it away;
But in my soul the picture still abides,
There strongly lined until my latest day.

She was my pure ideal of womanhood
For whom my heart so long had yearned and wept;
She woke within me all my nature's good
Which till that time had safely hid and slept.

And now when trials press and friends forsake,
The sun is darkened, life is lost in night,
I gaze upon the single picture—hers—
My memory holds, and all the world grows bright.

We may not meet again upon this earth,
Or after years of joyless life apart;
That brings no pain, for if there be a heaven
We'll meet and love each other heart to heart.

If heaven be a myth, as wise men say,
And after death come nothing but long sleep,
Why, I can dream of her; I've seen and love her!
My love's enough; what need have I to weep?

Love at Dawn

THE eastern deeps are wakening,
In smiles the light plays through;
O'er slumbering plain its glances creep,
O'er mist-hid waters, dark with sleep,
And ever farther beckoning
Awake the distant view.

My heart thine eyes are gladdening;
Their jealous lids, apart,
Let out the prisoned looks which steep
My soul in joy; my pulses leap
With love fire, sweet and maddening,
Hot from my heaving heart.

Arise, O Sweet! Confiding
In perfect strength of trust,
Hand locked in hand, come forth to reap
The golden hours, let others weep—
Ours is a love abiding
Though all else turn to dust!

Denial

Why art thou sad?

I am not sad!

Can I be sorrowful

And hold her picture

Clear in my memory?

Thou dost mistake!

Why dost thou sigh?

I did not sigh!

True I toiled painfully,

Strong with my yearning;

But the gift, finished,

Of her was not worthy—

'Twas only my poor heart

With love o'erflowing!

What means that tear?

Ah! 'tis the moisture

Left of the tempests

Racking my nature,

That ever above me,

Beyond me, in beauty

Of soul as of person,

She dwells, never knowing

My need, and though trying

I come not nigh her!

Denial

Hast thou no hope?

What need of hope then?

Hourly I linger

In thought on her person,

Her heart's rare perfection,

Her soul's lofty pureness:

To me it suffices,

This cherished remembrance.

And at the end?

When earth has vanished

And Heaven holds loved one

And lover—she'll know me,

And I—shall be worthy.

Till then I am patient!

Wave Messages

I STAND on the shore of the sea
As it plaintively talketh to me
In murmuring whispers of life
 And its meaning.
And as one turneth his head
Parallel with the face of the dead,
Last thoughts of soul-suffering and strife
 So gleaning,
I endeavor my mental condition
To bring to a fitting position
So to gather the sounds of the sea
 All together,
That the words of the hymn the waves sing
To my spirit more wisdom may bring,
And the Music be echoed in me
 Of the weather.
But ev'n as my footsteps remain
Not a moment, the water again
Fast oozing and crumbling them out
 Of the sand;
So it maketh impression on me,
Dim lined, and not lasting—to flee
As my influence and hope fade, in doubt,
 From the land.

Song

HERE by the brook where the green reeds lie
A youth there wandered in days gone by,
 All lonely;
Till a Naiad rose from the sunlit wave
And cried, as his heart to her hands he gave,
“ I love thee, O Youth, so noble and brave!
 Thee only!”

The long day faded all out of the sky,
And the homeward birds to their nest did fly,
 And found him
By the river's bank still waiting there,
And his head sunk low on his breast he bare—
All fast with the threads of her golden hair
 She'd bound him.

And now, as the breezes breathe and sigh
Through the summer night, a sorrowing cry
 And tearful,
The murmuring brook for its own will take;
'Tis the wail of a man's heart nigh to break,
And listening peasants a swift cross make,
 All fearful.

Song

From the stream of my sorrows, even I
See a form arise, and all joyfully cry
 “Thee only!”

Ah, leave me not to the long sad night,
By a woman's eye and its liquid light
Held fast; in the charm of my love's sweet might
 All lonely!

Meeting in After Years

Thou shalt not kiss my hand!

It is defiled

With many a willful touch of sin.

Rather command

I cleanse it, ere my longings wild

Reach toward thy rosy fingers and shut them in!

Thou must not kiss my cheek!

Long since it lost

The power to blush at any shame.

The rather speak

Mine eyes free from their year-long frost

And teach the tears to flow as once they came!

Thou canst not kiss my lip!

It learned the art

In earliest years to smile and lie.

The rather strip

Me wholly from thy pitying heart—

My forehead kiss, once—and then pass me by!

Song

THROUGH the night the bough sustains
Pure white rose and singing bird,
And no other sound is heard
Than the passionate love strains.

As the shadows all retreat,
Sings the bird "O Rose, so white,
Morning joys in morning's light—
I would know pain also, Sweet.

'Gainst the thorn I lay my breast,
And thy whiteness in the tide
Of my life henceforth is dyed—
Love in sorrow finds its zest!"

Rose and nightingale are dead,
And my heart has suffered pain—
But what memories wake again
In the rosebud's passionate red!

Aged Companions *

THE long-drawn sighings of an Autumn day,
Slow dying in gray cloud,
Whisper through aged branches, long endowed
With but the lichens of dead memories—
Alas! like these old trees,
Our youthful powers and beauty, dearest Friend, decay!

Alone they stand together on the waste
Of parched and yellowing grass;
And when the gathering Winter shall o'erpass
The withered branches, stiffening to their death,
Spring's recreative breath
Shall bring no timid leaves in tender greenness traced.

No more the birds shall find a shelter there
To build the dainty nest,
Nor shall tired reapers, by the heat distressed,
Find grateful quiet in the song-filled shade—
Ah Sweet! I grow afraid
In thinking of the end for which we must prepare!

*Written for a picture by Swain Gifford.

Aged Companions

**Long have we yearned, each toward the loving heart
So near, yet unattained!
Long since have lost the little we had gained
Through weary years. We have no other friend;
And but one joy—to spend
Ev'n these last days so near; not One, yet not apart!**

A Song of Running Waters

No. 1.

IN lonely coolness, dark and deep,
The trees' long shadows fall, and sleep
In quivering beauty, and quiet rest,
Bright glancing fountain, upon thy breast.

Peaceful and calm are thy pent-up powers;
Perfumed and dainty the slow-nodding flowers
That garnish thy many-hued banks of green
And thy prisoning rocks, with the moss between.

Like a glance in the mirror of childhood's truth,
I think, as I gaze on thine innocent youth,
Of the knowledge to come, both of sorrow and glee,
As thou hastenest hence to thy home in the sea.

.

A Song of Running Waters

No. 2.

By pebbly pool and rocky glen
With ripple and laugh and song,
The tiny rills unite, and run
In swelling volume toward the sun,
Happy and free and strong.

Where rolls the busy stream of men
With jostle and rush along,
I stand and ask "What use, each one,
As he strives and struggles and never is done
With cruelty, shame and wrong?"

But the brooks are lost till they join, and then
No way seems lonely or long;
But each goes on till the end be won—
No droplet rests at the toil begun—
And thus is their journey Song!

A Song of Running Waters

No. 3.

The wind's wild rush and the pattering rain,
And the thunder, muttering loud;
With tremulous fire and lightning flame
Through masses of threatening cloud;
And a wrestling soul 'neath the terrible strain
Of sorrows that torture and crowd.

A riven dike and the yawning ground
With the river hurrying through;
Death and despair o'er a waste profound
Of waters that seethe and brew;
And the wail of a soul—"Alas! there is found
No pity, proud World, in you!"

A pestilent desert that stretches wide
As the waters retreat to their bed;
And heavy-winged birds that long have cried
With voices of horror and dread;
And an unknown corpse, that heaves as the tide
Winds sea-weed about its head!

Man Love

O how my soul does long
For some true woman-soul,
Which might be merged with mine,
Making it thus complete!
Ah, how the longings twine,
In torture mixed with sweet,
Mid power and purpose, strong
Beyond my strength's control!

Thus far, myself I find
A heaving tireless sea
Of impulse, thought, desire
And consciousness of might;
Lacking, to make entire
Its incompleteness, right
Its wrong, some lovelier mind
To rest, inspire me.

Man Love

Nor can I reason clear
My own so clear-felt need—
 What sufferer, fever tossed,
 Can find the ailment's cure?
 I trust, and feel, that lost
 In some great love, all pure
Body and soul—no fear!
I were refreshed indeed!

Such love but women give!
No man, though giving all
 To fill another's lack
 Could ever satisfy.
 A man, when foes attack!
 A man, when needs one die!
What helps a man to live?
Wife-love, surpassing all!

This strengthens impulse good
But wavering; lightens care;
 Makes it an easier thing
 To climb up heavenward;
 In life's worst wrestling
 The conflict's best reward;
Graces man's manlihood;
Is constant, faithful, fair.

Man Love

What will I ask of her?
Ask that she be but true
 To Womanhood's high aim
 And purest bright ideal;
 And, in the struggle, claim
 What pains she knows, to feel—
No weakness need deter
If I have strength for two!

Offering what return
For all she shall confer?
 Efforts, of growing worth,
 To reach and make my own
 Her spirit's plane; leave earth
 Below, and, like her grown,
Endeavor then to learn
How much I owe to her:—

Gather life's triumphs up
And lay them at her feet;
 Giving her all my best;
 Guarding her when I may.
 Ever to her confessed
 Indebted, night and day,
For all that makes life's cup
Easy to drink, and sweet.

Man Love

So should we two progress
Toward holier unity;
 Anticipating Heaven,
 Although content with earth.
 Less in our souls Sin's leaven,
 More would the pure have birth;
Wrong to correct grow less;
Perfecting sympathy!

Woman Love

I CAN not tell you all,
Some part, perhaps;
But even women's confidences end
Before all's said there is to say.
When but a girl, admiring some great man
Of whom I heard, there came
A thought that innocently ran
Amid my dreams and musings
Of women who had been renowned;
And I would question, who of these could share
In such nobility as his?
For somehow, all untaught,
I knew there should be gentle loving hands
To minister to him, when the world's cares
He bore should be too wearisome.
I knew that highest souls
Ever attract high souls unto themselves;
And one of these should be pre-eminent
In understanding half-formed plans for good,
Partaking of success, comforting in defeat,
And being still to listen while he spoke
Of greater things to be accomplished yet

Woman Love

In service of mankind.
Then I would think and wonder,
Could myself grow fit
To play such part?
We women have our thoughts so narrowed down
To trivial details of the common day,
That it is hard to leave the fireside
And take, in mind, a broader interest
In what tires out the hands and brains of men.
Men make the kingdom, and then govern it,
They meet all weathers, measuring strength of head
And muscle, in a conflict far too keen
For us. They carry on the strife, and only ask
There be a woman's face at home
Kindling and glowing when the warrior comes,
His shoulders laden with the conquered spoil.
But with my years has grown—
With wiser sympathy for the workers—
A feeling,—an intensified desire—
For one on whom to spend my best
Lavishly, hungering but for more
That with wide arms extended
I may say, "Take!
All I have and am, and pay me with your love!
Fold round me a strong arm,
Give me the right to love,
To share your thoughts and plans

Woman Love

With patience till I gain more power!"
I crave a woman's highest joy, self-sacrifice,
Becoming all for one she holds most dear
On earth, becoming naught
That he may be the more!
I fully know—
That could I find the man
Who answered all my hopes,
Was manly, pure and true,
Had I the world to give
'Twere but a silly price
To pay for his man-love!
And should he say to me
"I love you"—
Could these lips meet his and feel no shame,
Would he in patience guide and help,
Protect and cherish me;
Reconciling me to my womanhood
By the very sacrifice of it for him;
And love me, always love!—
Ah! There's more than this—
I can not tell it you.
I feel it ever stronger—
He shall know when he comes!
No, he has not come yet;
I had not talked so freely else—
Save to him!

Engaged

To feel thy soft flesh meet with mine,
Heart-beat on heart, with nought between;
Drink from wide eyes love's fiery wine,
Close and more close our forms entwine
In passionate love dream—

To measure out life's utmost span,
Foot-step with foot, in pace serene;
Fulfilling all of God's great plan,
Thou more a Woman, I more Man,
Until the end supreme—

Thus does my nature, three-fold, yearn,
And thus demand thee for my wife;
That we, by pain and joy may learn,
As the strange web each side shall turn,
Living, and what is Life!

Wedding Eve

Thy little hand has touched my face
In pure caress;
It did not know the perfect grace
Of its confiding gentleness.

Thine eyes have told a wondrous tale
Of love to mine;
They could not see my spirit fail
Before a message so divine.

Yet love me, Sweet, even as thou hast
In former years;
Ask nothing of the buried past;
It is not worthy of thy tears.

Together tread we life's long way
In glad content;
The gathering joy of each new day
In memory is never spent.

Cross but this threshold into our
Eternity—
And Love shall bless us with the power
To know its silent mystery.

Married

OUR faces turn in the dark
Each with a sweet desire,
And the loving lips meet sure
And kiss, and can not tire.

So turns my soul unto thine!
Longing, through deeper night,
For union with thee more pure
Than body's, in its despite!

This be the common mark—
This be the thought, like wine
To flow in the veins; like fire
To shine in the eye's love-light—
So is the future secure!

Friendship

LIKE that God-thought which holds the worlds in place,
Unseen, unquestioned, strong and limitless;
Knowing for change but growing tenderness;
From man to man the very purest grace
That can be shown; filling the human face
With wistful love and steady heaven's light
That life-long keeps the eyes of memory bright;
Intolerant of time, of age, and space:—
There is that other thought by which the race
Of man together holds, and each one turns
With gravitating force which knows no end
About some soul that with a beauteous trace
Inscribes, deep in his heart, a script that burns
Forevermore in love—"I am thy Friend!"

Envoy

OH! Once to soak one's soul in deepmost strain
Of murmuring minors!—Say an Autumn eve,
Full of sad presage mind can scarce perceive
Distinctly, quiet joy, content, and pain;
With deep gray clouds to hint of heavy rain,
And glowing sunflecks, telling of reprieve
From body's misery, hopes that but deceive,
And the long life a soul can yearn and strain
After Ideals, endeavoring to gain
A Best which shall be flawless; to believe
It never was, nor will be—Oh conceive
The flesh exhausted and the weary brain
Refreshed so fully once! And then the ease
Of swift-come sleep, and dreamed eternities!



7/27

